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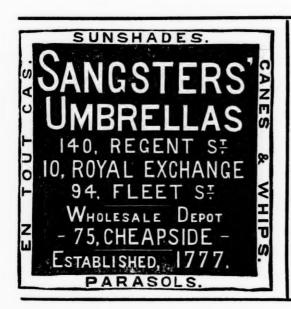
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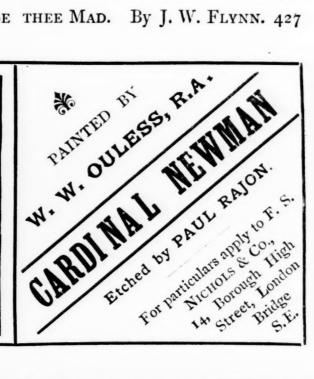
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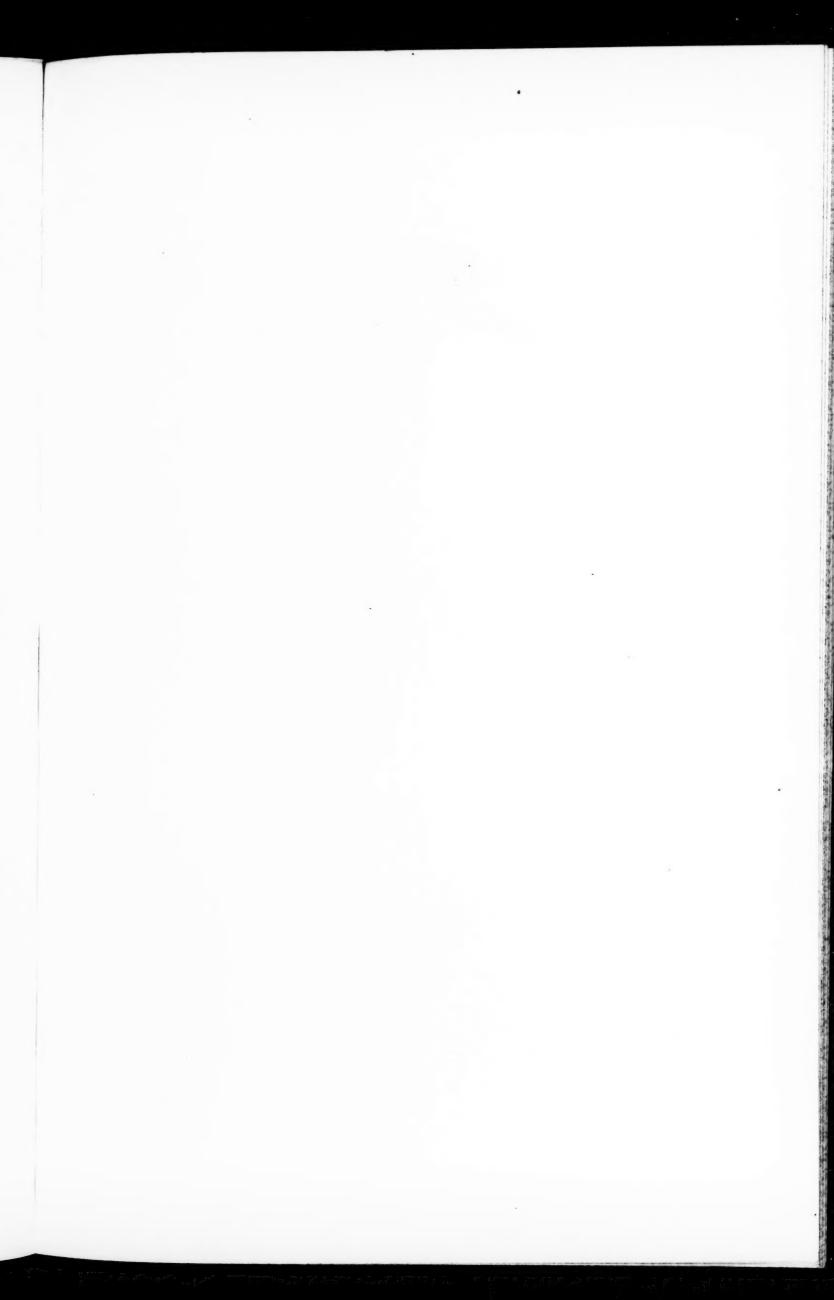
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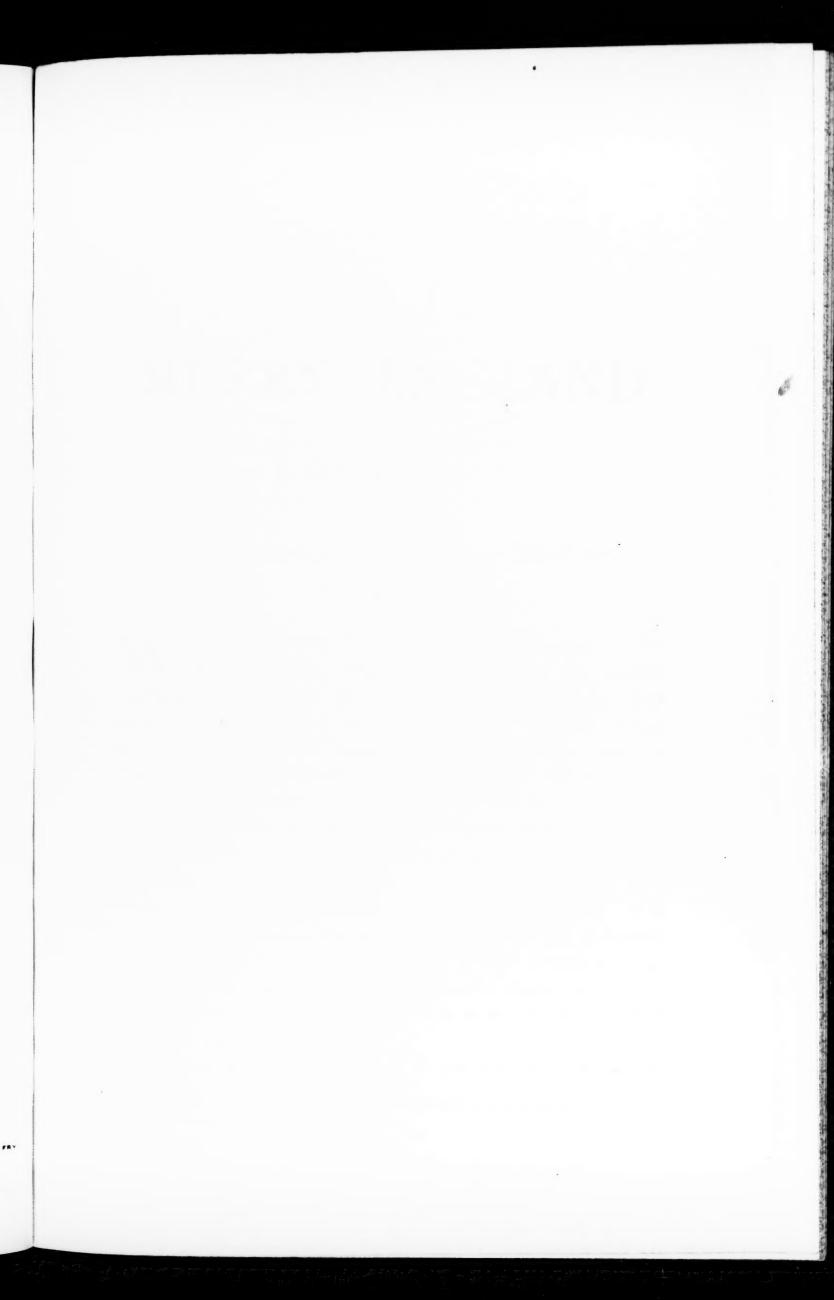
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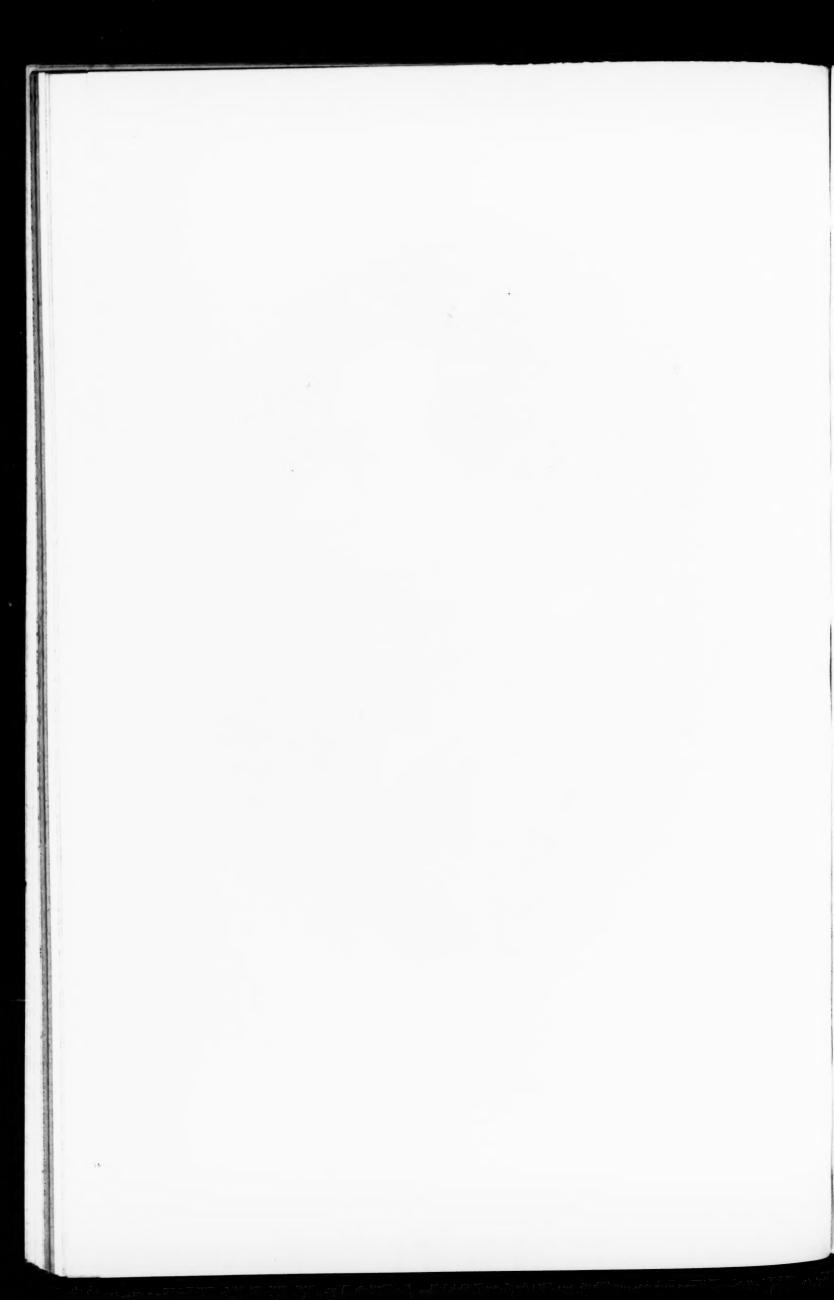
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WILLIAM MORRIS.





## MERRY ENGLAND

Остовек, 1884.

# The Mediæval and the Modern Craftsman.

TE, of this Society,\* at least know the beauty of the weathered and time-worn surface of an ancient building, and have, all of us, felt the grief of seeing this surface disappear under the hand of the "restorer;" but though we all feel this deeply enough, some of us perhaps may be puzzled to explain to the outside world the full value of this ancient surface. It is not merely that it is itself picturesque and beautiful, though this is a great deal. Neither is it only that there is a sentiment attaching to the very surface which the original builders gave their work, but dimly conscious of the many generations which should gaze on it. only a part of its value that the stones are felt to be, as Ruskin beautifully puts it in speaking of some historic French building (now probably changed into an academical model of its real self), "the very stones which the eyes of St. Louis saw lifted into their places."

That sentiment is much, but it is not all; it is but a part

VOL. III.

<sup>\*</sup> A paper read by Mr. William Morris before the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings.

of the especial value of the old surface, which is briefly that it bears witness to the development of man's ideas, to the continuity of history, and so doing affords never-ceasing instruction, nay, education, to the passing generation, not only telling us what were the aspirations of men passed away, but also what we may hope for in time to come. A different spirit has animated history in these latter days from that which used to be thought enough to give it interest to thinking men. Time was, not so long ago, when the clever essay writer made his history, surrounded by books whose value he weighed by the degree to which they conformed to an arbitrary standard of literary excellence rather than by any indications they might give of being able to afford a glimpse into the past.

These historians were not fitted for their task, for the world of history which they pictured to themselves was an unreal To them there were two periods of continuous order and organized life: the period of Greek and Roman classical history was one; the time from the development of the retrospection into that period till their own days was the other; all else to them was accidental confusion, strange tribes and clans with whom they had no relation jostling against one another to no purpose. The mists of pedantry slowly lifted and showed a different picture—inchoate order in the remotest times, varying, indeed, among different races and countries, but swayed always by the same laws, moving ever forward towards something that seemed the very opposite of that from which it started; yet the earlier orders never dead, but living in the new, and slowly moulding it to a re-creation of its former self. The instruments of this new knowledge of history were chiefly two: study of language and study of archæology, the expression of men's ideas by means of speech and of handiwork, and it is of the latter I am bound to speak, and it is the function of this Society to keep before people's eyes its importance as an instrument of the study of history.

So far, I am sure I have carried you with me. You cannot doubt that in one way or other the surface of an ancient building, the "handling" of the old handicraftsman is most valuable and worthy of preservation, and you also instinctively feel that it cannot be reproduced at the present day, that the attempt at reproduction not only deprives us of a monument of history, but also of a work of art. I shall now attempt to show you that this impossibility of reproduction is not accidental, but is essential to the condition of life at the present day; that it is caused by the results of all past history, and not by a passing taste or fashion of the time, and that, consequently, no man, and no body of men, however learned they may be in ancient art, whatever skill in design or love of beauty they may possess, can persuade, or bribe, or force on workmen of to-day to do their work in the same way as the workmen of King Edward I.'s time did theirs.

Wake up Theodoric the Goth from his sleep of centuries, and place him on the throne of Italy; turn our modern House of Commons into the Witenagemote of Alfred the Great—no less a feat is the restoration of an ancient building. In order to show you that this is necessary and inevitable, I must touch upon the conditions under which handicraft has been produced from classical times onward, and in doing so I cannot avoid certain social problems, in the solution of some of which you may differ from me.

It must be admitted that every architectural work is a work of co-operation. The very designer, be he never so original, pays his debt to this necessity in being, in some form or other, under the influence of tradition. Dead men guide his hands even when he forgets that they ever existed. Furthermore, he must get his ideas carried out by other men. No man can erect a building with his own hands. Every one of those men depends for the possibility of ever beginning his work on some one else. Each is but part of a machine; the

parts may be but machines themselves, or they may be intelligent; but in either case they must work in subordination to the general body. Men so working must be influenced in their work by the conditions of life, and the man who organizes the labour must make up his mind that he can only get labour of a kind which those conditions have bred. To expect enthusiasm for good workmanship from men who for two generations have been accustomed to slovenly work would be absurd; to expect consciousness of beauty from men who for ten generations have not been allowed to produce beauty, more absurd still. The workmanship of every piece of co-operative work must belong to its period, and be characteristic of it. Thus, all architectural work must be co-operative; in all cooperative work the finished wares can be no better in quality than the lowest, simplest, or widest grade, which is also the most essential, will allow them to be, and the kind and quality of that work, the work of the ordinary handicraftsman, is determined by the social conditions under which he lives which differ most from age to age. Let us try to see how they have differed, and glance at the results of that difference, during which inquiry we shall have much more to do with the developed Middle Ages, with the work of which our Society is chiefly concerned, than with any other period.

In the Classical period industrial production was chiefly carried on by slaves, whose person and work alike belonged to their employers, and who were sustained at just such standard of life as suited the interests of the said employers. It was natural that under such circumstances industrialism should be despised; but under Greek civilization, at least, ordinary life for the free citizens, the aristocracy, in fact, was simple; the climate was not exacting of elaborate work for the purposes of clothing and shelter; the race was yet young, vigorous, and physically beautiful. The aristocracy, therefore, freed from the

necessity of rough and exhausting work by their possession of chattel slaves, and little oppressed with anxieties for their livelihood, had in spite of the constant brawling and piracy, both inclination and leisure to cultivate the higher intellectual arts, within the limits which their natural love of matter-of-fact and hatred of romance prescribed to them; the lesser arts meanwhile being kept in rigid, and indeed, slavish, subordination to them, as was natural. Had any Athenian gentleman attempted to build a Gothic cathedral in the days of Pericles, what sort of help would he have had from slave labourers of the day, and what kind of Gothic would they have produced The ideal of art established by the intellect of the Greeks, with such splendid and overwhelming success, lasted throughout the whole Roman period also, in spite of the invention and use of the arch in architecture, or rather in building; and side by side with it chattel slavery, under somewhat changed conditions, produced the ordinary wants of life. The intellectual arts of Classical times had, even in Pliny's days, long fallen from their zenith, and had to wade through weary centuries of academicalism, from which they were at last redeemed by no recurrence of individual genius to the earlier and human period, but by the break-up of classical society itself, which involved the change of chattel slavery into serfdom or villeinage, on which the feudal system was based. of the system of aristocratic citizen and chattel without rights, dominated by the worship of the city, which was the ideal of classic society, was formed a system of personal duties and rights, personal service and protection in subordination to à priori ideas of mankind's duties to and claims from the unseen powers of the universe. The serf was in a very different condition from the chattel slave; for certain definitive duties being performed for his lord he was, in theory at least, at liberty to earn his living as he best could within the limits of his manor. The chattel, as an individual, had the hope of

manumission, but collectively there was no hope for him but in the overthrow of the society founded on his subjection. The serf, on the other hand, was by the conditions of his labour forced to strive to better himself as an individual, and collectively soon began to acquire rights amidst the clashing rights of king, lord and burgher. Also, quite early in the Middle Ages, a new and mighty force began to germinate for the help of labour, in the first signs of secular combination among free men, producers and distributors.

The guilds, whose first beginning in England dates from before the Norman Conquest, although they fully recognized the hierarchical conditions of society, and were indeed often in early times mainly religious in their aims, did not spring from England and Denmark were the foremost ecclesiasticism. countries in the development of the guilds, which took root latest and most feebly in the Latinized countries. of combination spread; the guilds, which at first had been rather benefit societies or clubs, soon developed into bodies for the protection and freedom of commerce, and rapidly became powerful merchant guilds. In the height of their power there formed under them another set of guilds, whose object was the regulation and practice of crafts in freedom from feudal exactions. The older merchant guilds resisted these newer institutions, so much so that in Germany there were bloody and desperate wars between them. In England the merchants' guilds changed in a peaceable manner, and became in the main the corporations of the town, and the craft guilds took their deputed place as regulators and protectors of all handicrafts. By the beginning of the fourteenth century the supremacy of the craft guilds was complete, and at that period their Mere journeymen constitution was thoroughly democratic. there were none, for the apprentices were sure, as a matter of course, to take their places as masters of their craft when they had learned it. Let us now look at the conditions of the life

of the craftsman. He lived, however roughly, more easily than his successor does now. He worked for no master save the public; he made his wares from beginning to end himself, and sold them himself to the man who was going to use them. This was the case with nearly all the goods made in England, all the more so, as the materials of any country were chiefly wrought into goods close to their birthplace. It followed, from the direct intercourse between the maker and the consumer of goods, that the public in general were good judges of manufactured wares, and that the art of adulteration was scarcely known.

Now, as to the manner of work. There was little or no division of labour in each craft, which was some mitigation of the evil of a man being bound down to one craft life-longsome mitigation because there was plenty of variety in the work of a man who made the whole of a piece of goods himself, instead of making one little piece of a piece. English craftsman of the fourteenth century was not the priestridden, down-trodden savage of whom pedant historians have written; but a thoughtful and vigorous man, and in some sense free. He worked, not for the profit of a master, but for his own livelihood, which he did not find difficult to earn, so that he had a good deal of leisure. Being master of his tools and his material, he was not bound to turn out his work shabbily, but could afford to amuse himself by giving artistic finish. Such finish was not venal—it was given freely to the public, who paid for it by interest in and sympathy for the work itself. For all that, what is now called the "wages of genius" were much neglected by the builders of our ancient buildings; for all this craftsmanship, as Mr. Thorold Rogers says, was widespread, the possession of some skill in it was the rule and not the exception. Those who could afford to pay for a building were able to do the necessary planning and designing, obviously because they could naturally find help

and harmonious intelligence among the men they had to It followed from this widespread skill in the arts employ. that those poor wretches who had skill and taste beyond their fellow-workmen, and who consequently had pleasanter work than they, had to put up with a very moderate additional wage, or with nothing additional. They could not make good the claim now preferred for that much sinned against and that much sinning company, men of genius, that the conformation of their stomachs and the make of their skin is different from other men, and that consequently they want more to eat and drink and different raiment from their fellows. When we hear that extra money payment is necessary under all circumstances to produce great works of art, we can appeal to the witness of those lovely works still left to us, whose unknown, unnamed creators were content to give them to the world with little more wages than their pleasure in their work and their sense of usefulness in it might give them. A body of artificers so living and so working with simple instruments, of which they were complete masters, had very great advantages for the production of architectural art, using that term in its widest sense, and thus one would expect to find in their work that thoughtfulness and fertility of resource, that blended freedom and harmonious co-operation, which we actually find in that work.

Nevertheless, the Mediæval workman was still compelled to work only as tradition would allow him to do. If it could ever have occurred to any man to build some new Parthenon or Erechtheum by the banks of Thames, Wharfe, or Wensum in the fourteenth century, how far do you think his fellow-workmen's skill would have been able to second his folly? Hurrying on from this fourteenth century, we see that, although the constitution of the crafts guild was at first thoroughly democratic or fraternal, it did not long remain so. As the towns grew bigger the old craftsmen began to form a separate and privileged class in the

guilds, with their acknowledged apprentices, and the journeyman made his appearance. After a while the journeyman attempted to form guilds under the master crafts, as the latter had done under the merchant guilds; but the economic conditions of the time beat them, and they failed. Still, the conditions of work did not change much; the masters were checked by laws in favour of the journeymen, and wages rather rose than fell all through the fifteenth century; nor did division of labour begin till much later. Everywhere the artisan The beginning of the great change came was still an artist. with the Tudors in the first quarter of the sixteenth century, during which England, from being a country of tillage, cultivated for livelihood, became a grazing country farmed for profit. He who runs may read the tale of this change and its miseries in the writings of More and Latimer. It had a very direct influence on the conditions of life and manner of work of the artisans, for the crafts were now flooded by the crowds of landless men who had nothing but the force of their bodies to live on, and were obliged to sell that force day by day for what those would give them who certainly would not buy labour unless they could make a profit by it.

The brutal rapine with which the change of religion in England was carried out; the wanton destruction of our public buildings which accompanied the stealing of our public lands, doubtless played its part in degrading what art was still possible under the new conditions of labour. But the Reformation itself was only one of the aspects of the new spirit of the time produced by great economic changes, which dealt with art and its creator—labour—far more completely than any series of accidents could do, however momentous they might be. The change in the condition of labour went on speedily, though there was still a good deal of domestic manufacture; the workmen in the towns got to be more dependent on their employers, more and more mere journeymen, and a great change was

coming over the manner of their work. The mere collection of them into big workshops under one master in itself gave economy of space, rent, fuel, lighting, and the rest; but it was the prelude to a much greater change: division of labour now began and rapidly gained head under the old Mediæval conditions; the unit of labour was a master craftsman who knew his business from beginning to end. Such help as he had was from mere apprentices who were learning the business and were not doomed to life-long service. With the new system of master and men came the change that the unit of production was a group, each member of which depended on every one of the others and was helpless without them. Under the divisionof-labour system a man is very often condemned for the whole of his life to make the insignificant portion of an insignificant article of the market. The birth and growth of this divisionof-labour system was no mere accident, was not the result of some passing and inexplicable fashion causing men to desire that kind of work which could be done by such means. It was caused by economical changes which forced men to produce no longer for a livelihood as they used to do, but for a profit. Almost all goods, all except those made in the most domestic way, had now to go through the market before they reached the user's hands. They were in fact made for sale and not primarily for use. The art in them as well as their mere obvious utility was now become a marketable article, doled out according to the necessities of the capitalist who employed both machine, workman, and designer, fettered by the needs of profit. For by this time, instead of all workmen being artists as they once were, they were divided into workmen who were not artists and artists who were not workmen.

This change was complete or nearly so by the middle of the eighteenth century. The gradual degradation of the arts from the fifteenth century to this point was steady and certain. Only among men who more or less outside the great stream of

civilization, where life was rude and production wholly domestic, did the art produced retain any signs of human pleasure. Elsewhere pedantry reigned supreme. The picture-painters who were wont to show us, as through windows opened by them, the longings and lives of the saints and heroes—nay, the very heavens and city of God hanging over the earthly city of their love--- "were turned"---what few of them were ought else than pretentious daubers—"into courtly flatterers of ill-favoured fine ladies and stupid, supercilious lords." As for the architectural arts, what could you expect to get of them from a set of human machines, co-operating indeed, but only for speed and precision of reproduction, and designed for at best by pedants who despised the lives of men, and, at worst, by mechanical drudges, little better in any way than the luckless workmen! Whatever might be expected, nothing was got but that mass of foolish toys and costly ministrations to luxury and ostentation, which has since those days been most worthily continued under the name of Upholstery. Is that the end of the story of the degradation of the arts? No. There is another act to the drama, worse or better, according to whether you are contented to accept it as final or have been stimulated to discontent that is, hope for something better. From being reduced to a machine, the workman was pushed down from even that giddy eminence of self-respect. At the close of the eighteenth century England was a country that manufactured among other countries that manufactured. Her manufactures were still secondary to her merely country life, and were mixed up with it. In fifty years all that was changed, and England was the manufacturing country of the world, the workshop of the world.

This strange and most momentous revolution was brought about by the machinery which the chances and changes of the world forced on our population. Whereas under the eighteenth-century division of the labour system, a man was compelled to labour for ever at a trifling piece of

work in a base mechanical way; under the system of the factory and almost automatic machines under which we now live, he may change his work often enough, he may be shifted from machine to machine, and scarcely know that he is producing anything at all. Under the eighteenth-century system he was reduced to a machine; under that of the present day he is the slave to a machine. It is the machine which bids him what to do on pain of death by starvation; if it please to hurry, it can make him walk 30 miles a day instead of 20 miles, and send him to the workhouse if he refuses. If you inquire which is the worse off, the machine workman of the eighteenth century or the slave-to-the-machine of the nineteenth century, I am bound to say that I think the former is; but the question as to which produced the better work is different and less complicated. The machine workman had to be well skilled in his contemptible task at least; the slave to the machine needs but little skill, and, as a matter of fact, his place has been taken by women and children, and what skill is needed in the work goes in the overlooking of the labours of In short, the present system of the factory and its the latter. dominating machine tends to doing away with skilled labour Hence there is a strange contrast between the craftsman of the Middle Age and him of to-day.

The Mediæval man set to work in his own time, in his own house, probably made his tool, instrument, or simple machine himself, even before he began with his web or bundle of clay; what ornament there should be on the finished work he himself determined, and his mind and hand designed it and carried it out. Tradition in the concrete form in the custom of his craft guided and helped him, but otherwise he was free, and even if he lived in a town the field and sweet country came close up to his house, and at times he occupied himself in working in them. But how does he who has taken his place work and live? He has to be at the factory gates by the time the bell rings, or he is

fined or sent to grass—nay, not always with the factory gate There before his machine up and down he has open to him. to follow it day in and day out, and what thought he has must be given to something else than his work. It is as much as he can do to know what the machine is doing; design and ornament—what has he to do with either? He may be tending a machine which is making a decent piece of work, or he may be a very small accomplice in turning out a blatant piece of knavery and imposture; for the one or the other he will get as much wages. He is lodged in a sweltering dog-hole, with miles and miles of similar dog-holes between him and the fair fields of the country, which in grim mockery is called "his"; sometimes, on holidays, he is bundled out by train to have a look at it, to be bundled into his grimy hell again in the even-At what period of a working man's life, then, will you pick him up and set him to imitating the work of the free craftguildsman of the fourteenth century, and expect him to turn out work like his in quality? Not to weaken my argument by exaggeration, I admit that though a huge quantity of wouldbe artistic work is done by this slave of the machine at the bidding of some market or other, the crafts relating to building have not reached that point in the industrial revolution. are an example of my assertion that the eighteenth century division-of-labour system still existed and worked side by side with the great factory and machine system.

Yet here too the progress of the degradation is obvious enough, since the similar craftsmen of the eighteenth century still had lingering among them scraps of tradition from the times of art, now lost; while now in those crafts the division-of-labour system has eaten deep, from the architect to the hodman; and, moreover, the standard of excellence, so far from its bearing any relation to that of the free workman of the guilds, has sunk far below that of the man enslaved by division of labour in the eighteenth century, and is not a whit better

than that of the shoddy maker of the great industries. Surely, it is a curious thing that while we are ready to laugh at the idea of the possibility of the Greek workman turning out a Gothic building or a Gothic workman turning out a Greek one, we see nothing preposterous in the Victorian workman producing a Gothic one. And this, although we have any amount of specimens of work of the Renaissance period, whose workmen, under the pedantic and retrospective direction of the times, were theoretically supposed to be able to imitate the ancient Classical work, but whose imitation turned out obstinately characteristic of their own period, and derived all the merit it had from those characteristics—perhaps of all the signs of the weakness of art at the present day the most discouraging.

I may be told that the very historical knowledge of which I have already spoken, and which the pedantry of the Renaissance lacked, has enabled us to perform that miracle of raising the dead centuries to life again; but this is a strange view to take of historical knowledge and insight, that it should set us on the adventure of trying to retrace our steps towards the past, rather than give us some glimmer of insight into the future a strange view of the continuity of history, that it should make us ignore the very changes which are the essence of that con-The art of the past cycle of the Renaissance, which fluttered out in the feeble twaddle of the dilettantism of the latter Georges, had about it a supercilious confidence which entirely forbade it to accept any institution of style but one as desirable, which one was that which it regarded as part of itself. It could make no more choice in style than could Greek or Gothic; it fully, if tacitly, admitted the evolution of history, accepted the division-of-labour workman, and so, indeed, did its best and had a kind of life about it, dreary as that life was, and expressive enough of the stupid but fearless middle-class domination which was the essence of the period. We, however, refuse to admit the

evolution of history; we set our slave to the machine to do the work of the free Mediæval workman, or of the man of the transition period, indifferently. We have learned the trick of masquerading in other men's left-off clothes, and carry on an hypocritical theatrical performance rather with timid stolidity than with haughty confidence, determined to shut our eyes to everything seriously disagreeable, nor heeding the silent movement of the history which is still going on around and underneath our raree show. Surely such a state of things is a token of change -of change, speedy perhaps, complete certainly-of the visible end of one cycle and the beginning of another. For, strange to say, here is a society which, on its cultivated surface, has no distinct characteristics of its own, but floats hither and thither; this set of winds drifting towards the beauty of the past, that towards the logic of the future. All the while underneath this cultivated surface works the great Mediæval system which the cultivated look on as the servant and the bond of society, but which really is their master and the breaker up of society; for it is in its essence a war, and can only change its character with its death; man against man, class against class; with this motive, "What I gain you lose," it must go on till the great change comes, whose end is peace, and not war.

What are we, we who are met together after seven years of humble striving for existence, for leave to do something? Mere straws on the ocean of half-conscious hypocrisy, which is called "cultivated society"? I hope not. At least, we do not turn round on history and declare this is bad and that is good; I like this and I don't like that. Rather, we say, This was life, and these the works of our fathers are material signs of it. That life lives in you, though you have forgotten it; those material signs of it, though you do not heed them, will one day be sought for, and that necessity which is even now forming the society of the time to be, and shall one day make it manifest, has, amongst other

things, forced us to do our best to treasure them, these tokens of life past and present. The society of to-day, anarchical as it is, is nevertheless forming a new order of which we, in common with all those who have the courage to accept the realities and reject shams, are and must be a part. In the long run our work, loveless as it must sometimes seem to us, will not be utterly lost. After all, what is it that we are contending for? The reality of art; that is to say, of the pleasure of the human The tendency of the commercial or competitive society which has been developing for more than three centuries, has been towards the destruction of the pleasure of life; but that competitive society has at last developed itself so far that its own change and death is approaching, and as one token of the change the destruction of the pleasure of life is beginning to seem to many no longer a necessity, but a thing to be striven against.

On the genuineness and reality of that hope, the reason for existence of this Society depends. It will not be possible for a small knot of cultivated people to keep alive an interest in the art and records of the past, amidst the present conditions of a sordid and heart-breaking struggle for existence for the many, and a languid sauntering through life for the few. when society is so reconstructed that all citizens will have a chance of leading a life made up of due leisure and reasonable, then will all society, and not "our" Society only, resolve to protect ancient buildings from all damage, wanton and accidental, for then at last they will begin to understand that they are part of their present lives, a part of themselves. will come when the time is ripe for it. At present, even if they knew of their loss they could not prevent it, since they are living in a state of war—i.e., of blind waste. Surely we of this Society have had this truth driven home practically often enough; have often had to confess that if the destruction or "beautification" of an ancient monument of art or history was

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a matter of money, it was hopeless stirring. Let us admit that we are living in the time of barbarism betwixt two periods of order—the order of the past and the order of the future.

Then, though there may be some of us who think (as I do) that the end of that barbarism is drawing near, and others that it is far distant, yet we can both of us work together to preserve what relics of the old order are yet left to us for the instruction, the pleasure, and the hope of the new.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

### Vanity.

THE old Greek and Roman world was no fool, after all: and its moral discernments are manifest in its metaphors. In Athens, a vain fellow was called "porous," or "hollow;" and vanity was porosity or hollowness. In Rome he was called empty, and vanity was emptiness—as of bladders, bubbles, wind-bags. The metaphors are precise. For wind-bags may have great diameter and an imposing magnitude; so may bubbles, and so may bladders. But after all, they are only emptiness in a skin, or in a film, or in brown paper.

The first notion, then, of a vain person is emptiness. There is nothing in him. The second is pretension. He passes for a solid, being only an outside. Prick him with a pin and he collapses. Berkleianism, then, is older than Berkeley. Solomon was a Berkleian: for he said, *Vanitas Vanitatum*, *omnia Vanitas*. The world is emptiness, and the mother of all emptiness; a mere film with prismatic colours; and that, not even in itself, but in the sensorium, deluding our brain.

If, then, the world be mere emptiness in a film, let us be kindly to vain people. Surely emptiness is harmless, and breaks no bones. Are not empty people the true children of this universal emptiness? Much may be said for them. They are for the most part innocuous: not always, indeed; for a vain man may rush on his own destruction, destroying others for his own vain-glory. They are also at times amusing—for their strange levities: but they are also saddening, for they lessen the dignity of human nature.

Vanity always has some ideal before it; some excellence which it desires to possess. And if it does not possess such excellence, it desires to be thought to possess it. Therefore,

vain men are not often found among the poor: for the poor are seldom self-conscious enough to have ideals. Nor are they so often found among the highly educated; for none better know what they do and what they no not possess.

Both these classes may be proud, which is a graver and more masculine fault, springing by no means from emptiness. But of this we cannot speak now. Vanity is the besetting sin of the half-educated—of those who have read enough to have ideals. Of ideals there are many kinds—saintly, heroic, political, literary. Some men dress up to an ideal; some see themselves in it as in a glass. But as they have not trained themselves enough to be what they wish to be thought, they "make believe," as we say. At first, the interval between what they are and their ideal gives them an uneasy consciousness when others praise them. After a while, the sweetness of praise soothes their uneasy consciousness. They come to take it as a matter of course, and are hurt if it be not given to them.

We cannot divide vanity into the vanity of men, and the vanity of women; for vanities are strangely interchangeable. The most feminine vanity may be found in men; and the most masculine in women. We must class them as the higher and the lower vanities.

The higher kinds are the vanity of high birth, of old descent, of friendships with the great, of natural facilities of speech, of education, of superficial knowledge of many books, or of languages and sciences, of superiority of influence, of authority conceded or gained, of success in competitions, or in literature, or in dexterous management of men and things, and the like.

The lower kinds are the vanity of wealth, in all its manifold ostentations; the vanity of personal form, or appearance in its endless self-admirations; the vanity of self-posings and self-deceptions; and the vanity of superiority among inferior minds, or among men of a lower grade in culture, or character,

or way of life. Some cannot endure the presence of those who are, in any way, higher than their own intellectual or moral stature. They are restless till they can escape into the society of those who do not dwarf them. Among the blind, the one-eyed man is king; and among those who know little, a smatterer is Sir Oracle.

We have said that some vanities are amusing, some are painful, and some pernicious. We will take examples.

As to the amusing vanities, they are to be found among the newly rich, if they put off the simplicity of their poorer days. It shows itself chiefly in an exaggeration of everything: in extravagant furniture, gaudy colours, ultra fashions, demonstrative finery, noisy civilities, a hunger for invitations, and in overdoing all things. Such people are generally good-hearted, inobservant, unconscious of the thousand eyes they draw upon them, and of the kindly ridicule with which they are continually singed. This is true also of those who, having thirsted for Grosvenor Square, have at last found themselves admitted to the great world. It is too much for them; their brain reels. and they worship it with a worldliness not to be found in inveterate worldlings. The fragrance of it goes with them everywhere, as the smell of incense betrays a sacristan; and it makes all the lower world to know that they are visitants from a higher sphere. We are not sure that this is always amusing to country cousins, or poor relations. It is reserved for the entertainment of those whom they would least of all desire to see laughing at their expense. Nevertheless, it is a harmless vanity which would not break a precept of the Church nor hurt a fly.

The painful vanities are not so harmless. It is not diverting to see men or women make themselves a spectacle to all eyes by vanities of dress, manner, speech, tones, articulation, gestures, singularities, and perceptible self-consciousness. How many men might be widely useful and really great, if they would be

simple; if they had before them no ideal but the world of duty, seen in the light of conscience, and by an eye that is single? How many women make themselves unpleasing in society, a disappointment to their friends, intolerable to their servants, and repulsive to inferiors, by personal ostentations which incessantly force all beholders to remember that they have been better educated, or are better dressed, or better looking, or of nobler clay than other people? But there are worse vanities than these. Some men will never ask for information, because it implies that they do not know. To tell them anything they did not know before, they take as a personal injury. They criticize everything off-hand, instinctively oppose everything, contradict everything, and correct everything, as a higher tribunal revising the errors of ordinary men. make the little they do know go for a complete knowledge; and what they do not know, cannot be true. Sometimes the bubble is pricked by a false quantity, or by a misquotation; and a cloud of irrelevant words, like the ink of a cuttle-fish. covers their retreat. These things take off the freshness and tranquillity of human life. Such vanities are painful, but not really pernicious.

There are, however, vanities pernicious to private and to public life. Many a man has wrecked himself and his home by an overweening confidence in his own dexterity in business, management in affairs, and foresight in speculations. His vanity blinded him to his own incapacity. He was wise in his own conceit, and would listen to no advice. Bad as this is in private life, it is worse in public. The ambition of proud men will often save their country. It is real, solid, and energetic. But the ambition of vain men is voluble and improvident. It stirs up passions which it cannot govern, and lets loose torrents on which it is itself carried away. A proud ambition cares little for popularity. It will not seek it. It will hardly bend to receive it. A vain ambition courts it by every art, and

spreads every sail to catch the least breath of popular applause. In seeking it, vanity commits itself in every word; it gives pledges which it can never redeem; or which, if redeemed, bring ruin on the country. So also in war. A vain commander despises his enemy, and ventures on rash attempts. Nobody has succeeded before, or never with so small a force; but then, there was never yet so great a commander since Julius Cæsar, or such an exploit as this since the battle of Rosbach. Vanity will play ducks and drakes even with the lives of men. But we are beginning to moralize, and will therefore make an end.

HENRY EDWARD, CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP.

#### Annals of the Poor.

The sometimes cherish the memory of persons we have met in days gone by, not because they were in themselves very attractive, but on account of their being of a type that has commonly disappeared. Human nature is always the same; but manners and customs, modes of life and exterior characteristics, are ever varying, and most men who have passed middle age can call to mind people whose lives must have been completely altered had they existed under the present changed conditions of society. The thought that they belong entirely to the irrevocable past invests them with a certain air of romance which would not otherwise attach to either their persons or their Such an one now rises before me, even as I have seen him in his life. A tall figure, which in its prime must have been majestic, but now dwarfed and contracted by habitual stooping; a frame worn and emaciated by travel and hard living; features which once were handsome, but which have become lined and wrinkled by premature old age, and—it must be said—disfigured by dirt apparently long undisturbed; garments such as I have never seen before or since—mere bits of rag, held together by some mysterious process known only to itself; an old slouched hat beaten and battered out of all shape; such was the exterior of old Martin the beggarman. I suppose in the present day he would be quickly improved off the face of the The policeman and the stipendiary would take care that he was kept out of sight, either in prison or in the workhouse. And the world would be none the worse for getting rid of an unsavoury old beggarman, no doubt many will say. And they may be right, for Martin was undoubtedly idle, and, from the utilitarian point of view, a superfluous member of society; but he was perfectly harmless and inoffensive, and he belonged to

an ancient and distinguished confraternity. Even the cultured Elia had a kindly word for the beggars, and lamented their decline in London.

Besides, Martin was no ordinary beggarman. He stood up for the dignity of his profession, and boasted that he was, in the truest sense of the word, a gentleman, as he had never done a day's work in his life, and never called any man master; and many of the highest in the land can produce no clearer title to nobility. His early days he had passed in his native country travelling on foot to all the holy wells, sacred shrines, stations, and ruined abbeys throughout Ireland. In that hospitable land his poverty made him welcome, and in every farmhouse and cabin he was admitted to a share of whatever homely cheer the inmates could provide. That was in the good times before the famine, when the people had something to spare for the wanderer, whose presence at their board was so much a matter of course that he could scarcely be called the stranger within their gates. But the times became harder in Ireland, and Martin, having a great desire to visit the well of St. Winifred, managed somehow or other to cross St. George's Channel. He performed his devotions at the well, and then tramped about the country, finally arriving in London, where he begun the mode of life which he followed till his death.

When I first met him cold had settled on his chest, and it was painfully evident that he could not much longer endure his life of privation and exposure. A hospital was the right place for him, you will say; but in a hospital he would have died all the sooner, for there he would have been obliged to lead a regular life, and to conform to rules. Out of doors he had at least his liberty. He feared neither constable nor magistrate, for he annoyed no one, and did not transgress the laws. No one would offer violence to so weak a creature, and he was perfectly indifferent to chaff or banter. So, in London streets, he felt himself as free as the Bedouin in the desert. Every

morning he heard Mass at one or other of the few Catholic chapels which, forty years ago, existed in London. He had a regular round, visiting certain chapels in succession, and receiving his breakfast either from the clergy or from some layman who attended the service. This having been once given, Martin would regard it as a precedent, and would have scouted with indignation the idea that the meal could ever afterwards be refused. When Mass was over he would perform, where possible, the stations of the Cross, frequently passing on his knees from station to station, and continuing at his devotions till the chapel was closed. Then, later in the day, he would visit other benefactors, always in a regular order, carefully noted in his memory, and claim, as a recognized right, which he had no fear of being disputed, his dinner and supper.

But he would not, like most beggars, accept all that was offered him. He tasted neither flesh-meat nor strong drink; a basin of tea, or warm milk and water, with bread to sop in it, was all he would take morning and evening, while a hunch of bread and plenty of cold water satisfied him in the middle of the day. He asked daily for threepence to provide a shelter for the night; and he asked for nothing more. taste was in other ways unlike that of most of his class. remember seeing him once in a most wretched plight, dripping with rain, covered with mud, and literally crying with cold. "What, Martin!" I said, "where on earth have you been and what have you been doing?" Said he, "Your honour, I was out in the fields all night, and the rain pouring down upon me. I was obliged to leave my lodging because they were playing cards, and, as you know yourself, where the cards are, there the devil is, and I was afraid to stop under the same roof with them."

As time went on he grew more and more feeble, and often spoke of himself as "going home." Then he was missed from his accustomed haunts, and the places that had once known him

knew him no more. He died in the wretched lodging-house which he had frequented, and it is to be hoped that neither cards nor devil disturbed his last moments. And then among his patrons there was controversy concerning Martin. hidden among his rags, or stowed away in some secret place, were found a few pieces of gold. Some said that the possession of these was contrary to the poverty he professed, but others argued that he never intended to make use of them during his life, and had only made provision for a respectable wake and a decent burial; and, taking into account the strong feeling which exists among the Irish people against a workhouse funeral and a pauper's grave, I think he will be blamed by few, if any, of his race. Thus passed out of ken one who was perhaps among the last to practise mendicancy as though it were a legitimate and honourable calling, and who was perfectly happy and contented Profoundly religious, he was cheerful in his state of life. although mortified; patient under constant bodily suffering; very grateful, honest and sober. His speech was courteous and his bearing dignified; he had a tender conscience, and a gentle heart.

And now I would recall another personage who, like Martin, lived on alms, but, unlike him, had received some education and had seen better days. There must still be many who can remember in the northern suburbs of London, between thirty and forty years ago, a female who delighted to style herself "Lady Young," but whom the street boys called after as "crazy Jane." Her usual promenade was from the fields beyond Highgate and Finchley to the Oxford Street end of Tottenham Court Road. Along this route were several houses at which she called periodically and received food and drink, and also sufficient money for her simple wants. She was not so scrupulous as Martin, but would accept willingly all she could obtain, and if a benefactor happened to be busy or absent when she called, or if she chanced to omit one of her accustomed visits, she was imperative in demanding her arrears.

She was very fragile and worn in her appearance, but her face still bore the traces of considerable beauty, and her manners were always gentle and ladylike. She dressed herself in whatever tattered finery she could collect, delighting especially in flowers, whether real or artificial, and she was never so proud as when she could sport some wretched tawdry feathers in her bonnet. In all weathers she carried an old broken parasol, which she held daintily, and with an air of intense satisfaction. Nothing was known of her history except from vague reports, but there were country people of hers, who said that she came from the neighbourhood of Dublin, and had known great trouble.

Of course she was quite mad, but she was never mischievous nor violent. Some of her delusions were very painful, but they brought trouble and inconvenience only on herself. She spent almost her whole life in the open air, and was never willingly under the shelter of any roof. Sometimes in the winter, driven by sheer necessity, she would venture to enter some poor dwelling, on condition of remaining within ready access to the door that she might escape without delay the moment she felt the least alarm. Otherwise she slept under hedges or in the open fields, and when induced to enter a house to take a hasty meal she did so with fear and trembling. Her fixed idea was that all roofs were inadequately supported, and therefore that all buildings raised by the hand of man were unsafe. She might be seen on Sunday mornings kneeling outside the chapel doors, but could never be tempted to pass the threshold. Beneath any other covering than the canopy of Heaven, she was in constant fear of being crushed to death.

A favourite observation of hers was that there was plenty in the world for every one, but all was so badly divided; a consideration which has exercised wiser brains than Lady Young's. She would say that in Oxford Street there were hundreds of silk dresses lying idle, while she had nothing but an old faded gown. In Tottenham Court Road there were many coffee shops, several of them quite close together, but in the fields about Hornsey there were none at all, and she could not even buy a piece of bread or a cup of tea, and she always ended as she began—"It's all so badly divided."

I suppose in these days she would be sent to an asylum, but there she would have pined away as quickly as Martin in a hospital. To her, even more than to him, liberty was the first necessity. Martin might possibly have existed in such an institution as Nazareth House or with the little Sisters of the Poor; but not so crazy Jane. Freedom was the very breath of her nostrils. Her delight was to wander in the green fields and gather the wild flowers, which she would make into wreaths to deck her person; and, when the fancy seized her, to leave the country behind her and make her way into the streets, and gaze with longing eyes at the finery in the milliners' shops. Thus she passed her days, sometimes amid scenes that may have recalled to her shattered intellect the innocence and peace of childhood, and then again attracted by objects which may have served in some measure to revive the vanity and love of dress which were too probably her ruin. And she roamed about where she would, enjoying the sunshine, and, except in the most inclement seasons, scarcely heeding the cold and the rain. Although, forty years ago, there were plenty of rough people about London, I never heard that she was harmed or molested, whether in the lonely fields or in the crowded streets.

In recording these recollections, I may have chosen a subject with little interest for the general reader. But if Martin was a beggar, so was Edie Ochiltree, and who does not love the dear old white-haired gaberlunzie? Lady Young was daft, but so was Madge Wildfire; yet who withholds his sympathy from that poor lovelorn mad woman? Martin was a better man than Edie, and crazy Jane had more refinement and was less contaminated than Madge Wildfire; and these flesh-and-blood realities of mine are only less interesting than the phantoms raised by the wand

of the magician, because they are sketched by a weaker hand. In thinking of these, and of their great fraternity, I ask myself whether our boasted civilization which has certainly not abolished either pauperism or insanity, has indeed done anything more than shut up their victims in institutions, where they cannot disgust by their rags and misery those who are clothed in purple and in fine linen.

E. BOURNE.

## Josephine.

K ING COPHETUA wed the beggar maid, and the peasant girl of Livonia became Empress-Regnant of Russia; but, except these two, there has been no more wonderful narrative of unlooked-for elevation, in history or legend, than that of which the heroine died only when our grandfathers and grandmothers were young. A creole maiden, wedded to a noble of France, escaping the guillotine by the merest chance, crowned Empress of the greatest Emperor and the greatest empire in the world—cast off, divorced, neglected, watching another reigning in her place—surely in all ancient story we can hardly find a rival to this tale of modern days that was finally ended when marshals, senators, clergy, and eight thousand poor who loved her, laid her to rest in the church of Ruelle when this nineteenth century was in its youth.

Born at Martinique on the 23rd of June, 1763, daughter of Jascher de la Rugerie, captain of the port at St. Pierre, Marie Josephine Rose grew up, receiving only an indifferent education, but gifted with a winning grace and an amount of beauty that gained her much popularity among her few island acquaintances, as it never failed to do in her after-life. At fifteen, when she was a sensitive, imaginative girl, on whom such a prediction was likely to make a deep impression, Eupherine, an old negress, told her fortune in the following terms:—"You will marry a fair man. Your star promises you two alliances. Your first husband will be born in Martinique, but will pass his life in Europe with girded sword. An unhappy lawsuit will separate you. He will perish in a tragical manner. Your second husband will be a dark man of European origin and small fortune; but he will fill the world with his glory and fame.

You will then become an eminent lady, more than a queen. Then, after having astonished the world, you will die unhappy."

When quite a young girl, Josephine was brought to France by her aunt, who had married in Martinique an old French noble, the Marquis de Beauharnais. Through her means her niece's education was much improved; and when the polishing process was considered complete, Madame de Beauharnais arranged a marriage for her with her stepson, Alexander, whose birthplace was the same as Josephine's, and who was, curiously enough, "a fair man," as the old negress had predicted. Although the union was one entirely settled by the elders of the party, and, as some accounts say, against his inclination, the young husband speedily became much attached to his wife, and, while he was absent from her on garrison duty, wrote her very loving letters, which she seems to have carefully preserved. This mutual affection did not, however, last long; and after their removal to Paris, and the birth of a son and daughter-Eugène, born in 1781, and Hortense, in 1783the Vicomte de Beauharnais begun, whether justly or not, to have such suspicions of his wife that he went to Martinique to learn all the details possible of her conduct, and on his return to France he instituted a suit against her. Here was the "unhappy lawsuit" which separated them. In 1790 she returned to Paris, and, a reconciliation taking place, she and her husband lived in comparative happiness till the terrible year of '93, when the Vicomte "perished in a tragical manner," suffering on the guillotine, as so many of his class had already Josephine was left a widow-perhaps not a very inconsolable one. By some means she became acquainted with several members of the Convention, and especially with Barras and Golier, two of the Directors, and the notorious Madame Tallien, in the early days of her widowhood. To her credit be it said, that in those dread times when, if ever, the maxim of "every one for himself" might have been held excusable, she displayed the utmost kindness of heart, self-forgetfulness, and even heroism, in seeking to rescue lives from the scaffold, and in obtaining the erasure of names from the list of doomed exiles. Her exceeding kindness, grace, and the sweetness and fascination of her manners; her matchless tact and savoir faire, her wonderfully even temper, and her extreme readiness to forgive and forget all injuries, are traits as remarkable and strongly developed in her character as were, unfortunately, other peculiarities which seriously injured her reputation. Perhaps the friend of Madame Tallien could hardly be expected to be irreproachable. She was never exactly beau tiful; but she had what a Frenchwoman would value even more highly—du charme. She was very elegant, with much natural grace, and an attractive and expressive face. features were delicate; her teeth, which were bad, were concealed by a small and very pretty mouth; her complexion, originally dark, was artistically improved; her figure was good, and her movements graceful. Madame de Rémusat, one of her ladies, declared that La Fontaine's line—

"La grace, plus belle encore que la beauté—"

exactly described her. Bouilly said of her, according to the classical taste of the time, that "she had the dignity of Calypso with the enchanting grace of Eucharis," and Golier called her "Diane-Hebé." Her taste in dress, which was so matchless that for years she outshone younger and fairer beauties, was only equalled by her intense and thoroughly feminine fondness for luxury and splendour—a fondness with which her very limited means did not harmonize. In the directorial salons of the Luxembourg she was treated with much distinction; but her generous efforts to rescue the unfortunate aristocrats resulted in her being denounced as a suspect and flung into prison. She behaved in this awful crisis with singular sangfroid. She had sent her son and daughter away from home,

and she believed in the sable prophetess's prediction so absolutely that she was not in much terror for herself. Placed in a cell with three other ladies, who were tearfully anticipating certain death, she startled them by exclaiming, "I shall not die; I shall be Queen of France." With a mournful smile the Duchesse d'Aiguillon begged her to name her future household, and Josephine promised to make her one of her dames d'honneur; whereat the poor ladies, believing misery had turned her brain, wept afresh. Little did they dream of the time when "Sa Majesté Impériale l'Impératrice" would reign in the palaces of France! The old negress's prediction came true; Josephine never trod the steps of "Ste. Guillotine;" but she was only just saved by the downfall of Robespierre on the 27th of July, 1794.

Not long after her release, the fair Veuve de Beauharnais met at the house of Barras the young General Bonaparte, "le petit mitrailleur," as he was commonly called. The wonderful fascination which was exercised over so many, threw its glamour around Josephine. "Do you not perceive in his countenance the signs of a great future?" she asked a friend. Matters were soon arranged, and the wedding took place by civil rites on the 9th of March, 1796, the bride being thirtythree, the bridegroom twenty-seven. Not without considerable opposition did she marry the soldier-husband, who, the one man she loved, was the cause at once of her glory and her fall. Hoche and Coulaincourt, two of the revolutionary generals, had themselves been desirous of paying her their addresses; and her friends of the old régime, notably the Duc de Nivernois, were surprised and amazed at such a mésalliance. Her lawyer, M. Ragindeau, ventured to remonstrate. "What!" said he; "can you be so foolish as to marry a young man who has nothing but his cloak and his sword?" Napoleon overheard the remonstrance, but said nothing—then. Hortense and VOL. III. FF

Eugène shared the aristocratic distaste of their new relative; but neither friends nor children could prevent the union, which was one of sincere affection on both sides; and on the 21st of March Madame Bonaparte accompanied her husband on his journey to join the army of Italy—"to share his dangers," writes the admiring M. Bouilly, "and by her grace and goodness to shed greater lustre on his laurels," leaving her son and daughter at school at St. Germain. Napoleon was intensely in love with his wife; and when he had to leave her for a few days wrote her the most impassioned epistles, in which fervid eloquence and very original spelling were oddly mixed up. Her sojourn in Italy was, perhaps, one of the happiest periods of Josephine's life. Her husband was devoted to her; they lived in almost royal State at the Castle of Montebello, near Milan, surrounded with all the luxuries dear to her feminine soul; her popularity was immense. "While Napoleon gained victories," it was said, "Josephine gained hearts;" and such splendid jewels were given her that her dressing-case was said to have been worthy to figure in a story of the Arabian Nights. "She acknowledged," writes Madame de Rémusat, "that nothing in her life ever equalled the emotions of that time, when love came, or seemed to come, daily to lay at her feet a new conquest over a people enraptured with their conqueror." Unfortunately, all this homage and happiness only embittered against her her husband's family, who had never taken kindly to her, and they not a very amiable or immaculate set of people—used all their influence to prejudice her husband against her, a task, unhappily, not difficult of achievement, as Napoleon's jealousy equalled his love; and with all her charms and real sweetness, poor Josephine was not the most discreet of dames. Her fascinations, however, always subdued him when he was with her; and the disappointed sisters Bonaparte were unable for years to effect any real mischief, and were perpetually mortified by the deference their brother exacted from them towards his wife.

She returned to France in March 1797, and was shortly followed by Napoleon. They took up their abode in her hotel in the Rue Chantereine, and gathered around her all that the Reign of Terror had left of society in Paris. Her taste in dress was keenly appreciated by her husband, who took as much pride, it was noticed at the time, in her ball-room triumphs as in his military victories. Hortense de Beauharnais accompanied her mother, who is said to have looked "like her elder sister," to these gaieties. Both she and Eugène had fully overcome their repugnance to their stepfather; and indeed one of the bright phases of Bonaparte's character is his admirable conduct to his wife's children—conduct which they learnt to appreciate highly, and return with warm affection.

In 1798, during Napoleon's absence in the Egyptian campaign, Josephine purchased Malmaison, a small domain near Ruelle, with her own dowry, and occupied herself in superintending the alterations she designed indoors and out. Her well-known taste for horticulture here came into play. Her matchless collection of rare and beautiful trees, shrubs, and flowers was justly famous; and we are told that Napoleon always remembered her passion for flowers, and took care she should have the choicest that could be procured from distant The house was fitted up with the same skill and taste that she showed in her gardens; and for years it was the favourite home of Napoleon, and probably the scene of Josephine's happiest days. "It was the cradle of the Empire." says Blanchard Jerrold. Here her real kind-heartedness and generosity made her a kind of idol to the lower classes, who fondly called her "Notre Dame des Victoires." Once or twice her husband had to check her thoroughly feminine propensity for gossiping with her confidantes on any subjects that came uppermost, politics included. "What you say is supposed to come from me," he used to tell her; "keep silence, and then

my enemies—and you are surrounded by them—will not have it in their power to draw silly inferences from your words." It must be confessed she was not too discreet; and rumour had carried Napoleon, viâ the tongues of his sisters, such accounts of her proceedings that on his return from Egypt there was at one time danger of an actual breach between them. Indeed, Damocles' sword seems to have hung over her for years before the blow fell; and her having no children told more against her own happiness than all the malicious insinuations of her relatives-in-law. Still, the shadow was at this time quite in the background, and the dreaded word "divorce" had scarcely been whispered. One of her fascinations was her beautiful voice in reading aloud; and the "great world victor" so much appreciated it that she was expected to read him to sleep whenever the gentle god refused to come at the first call. She had not many accomplishments; the tapestry work of the day she did with such skill as it demanded; but she only succeeded in learning one tune, and this she was suspected of playing with the intention of showing her graceful arms and hands at the harp.

On the 23rd of December, 1800, Napoleon and his wife had a narrow escape of being assassinated by the explosion of an infernal machine on their way to the Opera. Josephine's life was saved by the accidental circumstance of her having a shawl whose colour matched neither her dress nor her jewels. Colonel Rapp, "who," says Madame Junot, "was not usually so observant of the perfect agreement of colours in a lady's dress," remarked the want of harmony; and Josephine returned to repair the oversight. These three minutes saved her life.

The one thing which cowed Josephine's brave heart was the fear of a carriage accident, but her husband would never dispense her from the duty of driving with him, not even allowing her overpewering headaches, for which there was no remedy but sleep, to excuse her. Madame Junot has given a graphic account of one of these expeditions, when Josephine, coming to a rivulet that had to be forded, the banks of which were steeper than she approved, immediately began to cry, and entreated to be let out; and, being forced by her husband to retain her seat, in spite of her sobs and tears, cried all the way to the end of the journey, after the danger was past, till, on arriving at their destination, Napoleon, wearied with her unceasing laments, almost dragged her from the carriage, and lectured her angrily on her childishness, concluding with, "Come! embrace me, and hold your tongue. You are ugly when you cry; I have told you so before."

In 1802, when the peace with England was concluded, and our countrymen, deprived so long of the blessings of Parisian fashions, flocked over to Paris to renew themselves, Napoleon was specially anxious that he and his beautiful wife should make a favourable impression on the barbarians, and accordingly he intimated to Josephine his desire that she should be "dazzling in jewellery and richly drest." "When the First Consul," says Madame Junot, "announced his will regarding her toilette, she looked at him so prettily, walked towards him with such graceful sweetness, her whole manner breathing so evident a desire to please, that he must have had a heart of stone who could resist her." When she became Empress she had an allowance of six hundred thousand francs a year, which she found quite insufficient; and she was always heavily in debt. Madame de Rémusat, one of her ladies, gives a rather appalling account of her lavish expenditure.

"She was very liberal in gifts, but as she never gave away any of her own possessions, but always purchased the presents she made, her liberality greatly increased her debts. Not-withstanding her husband's injunctions, she would never conform, in her own manner of life, to order or to etiquette. It was his desire that she should not deal directly with any

shopkeepers, but this point he was forced to yield; her private apartments were crowded with them, as also with artists of all She had a mania for having her portrait taken, and would bestow it on any one whomsoever-relations, friends, attendants, or even tradespeople. Diamonds, jewellery, shawls, stuffs, and finery of every kind, were continually being brought to her; she bought everything, never asking the prices, and for the most part forgetting what she had purchased. once gave her lady of honour and her mistress of the robes to understand that they were not to interfere with her dress, and managed everything with her dressers, of whom, I believe, there were six or eight. She rose at nine o'clock. was a very long process, and a portion of it was devoted to minute personal embellishments, including paint. This done, she put on a very elegant dressing-gown, trimmed with lace, and placed herself in the hands of the hairdresser. undergarments were embroidered and trimmed with lace. changed every article of her attire three times a day, and never wore a pair of stockings twice. If we came to her door, while her hair was being dressed, she would have us admitted. When that stage was passed, large baskets were brought in, containing gowns, hats, caps, and shawls. summer these gowns were of muslin or cambric, richly worked and trimmed; in winter they were of woollen materials or of She then selected her dresses for the day. In the morning she always wore a hat trimmed with flowers or feathers, and full gowns that wrapped her up a good deal. She possessed from three to four hundred shawls; she sometimes had them made into gowns, or bed-quilts, or cushions for her dog. She kept a shawl round her shoulders all the morning, and wore it with a grace I have never seen equalled. Bonaparte thought that she wrapped herself up too much, and would sometimes pull her shawl off and fling it on the fire; she would then send for another. She purchased all that were

brought to her, whatever their price. I have known her give eight, ten, or twelve thousand francs for a shawl. in fact, one of the extravagances of the Court; no one would condescend to wear a shawl which had cost only fifty louis, and the sums given for three worn by the Court ladies were subjects of boasting. . . . . Madame Bonaparte never opened a book, she never took up a pen, she worked scarcely at all, but never seemed to be dull. She did not care for theatres. The Emperor objected to her going to them without him, and receiving applause in which he did not share. She took walking exercise only when at Malmaison—a residence which she was constantly embellishing, and on which she spent large sums of money, to the great displeasure of Bonaparte. When he reproached her with this, Josephine would shed tears, promise to be more careful, and go on exactly as before; in the end Bonaparte had to pay. Her evening toilette was conducted in the same manner as that of the morning. Everything was of the greatest elegance; a dress or a wreath was seldom worn a second time. The Empress's hair was generally dressed in the evening with flowers, pearls, or precious stones. She wore very low gowns, and the richer her attire the better she looked. The quietest party, the smallest dance, was an opportunity for ordering a new dress, in spite of the quantity of finery stored in each of the palaces; for she had a positive mania for hoarding. It would be impossible for me to name the sums she spent on clothes of every kind. In every fashionable shop in Paris there was always something being made for her. I have seen her wear lace trimmings worth forty, fifty, and even a hundred thousand It seems almost incredible that this love of dress, which she could so fully gratify, never passed away. Malmaison, after the divorce, she led the same luxurious life, and appeared in full dress, even when she expected no one. On the day of her death, thinking that the Empress of Russia

would perhaps come to see her, she desired her attendants to dress her in an elegant morning gown. She breathed her last sigh attired in pink satin, with ribbons of the same colour."

In 1803 a tour into Belgium was arranged by the First Consul for himself and Josephine, and they were everywhere enthusiastically received; but a little scene occurred at Mortefontaine, Joseph Bonaparte's seat, before they set out. Napoleon and his wife came to take leave, and stayed to dine. Joseph, as host, took in his mother, intending to place Josephine on his left hand. This annoyed Napoleon, never too respectful to his mother, and always excessively touchy as to his wife's precedence. He stepped before Joseph, took his wife's arm, led her into the room before them all, ordered her lady-in-waiting to seat herself on his other side, and, throughout the meal, addressed himself to no one but to her and Madame Bonaparte. Such conduct, as may be imagined, did not lessen the lively dislike borne by all his family to Josephine.

The culminating point of Josephine's varied career—the grandest moment of her life—was undoubtedly that 2nd of December, 1804, when her husband's hands crowned her Empress of France. Then indeed she must have realized the prediction that her husband should "fill the world with his glory and fame," and that she should become "an eminent lady, more than a queen." Nevertheless, close on that supreme hour, her husband had first touched upon the cruel project of divorce. His success made the wish for offspring more acute. "I have not the courage," he told her with tears, "to come to a final resolution; and if you let me see that you are too deeply afflicted—if you can render me obedience only— I feel that I shall never have the strength to oblige you to leave me. I tell you plainly, however, that it is my earnest desire that you should resign yourself to the interests of my policy, and yourself spare me all the difficulties of this painful separation." The Empress knew how to manage her egotis-

tical spouse. She neither argued with, reproached, nor wept Gently considerate of every one, pensive, utterly devoted to him, and entirely obedient, she rendered herself so charming, so indispensable, to her husband, that, after days of indecision, he found he could not give her up—it would hurt his feelings too much. He announced to her after this interval of delay-during which the poor lady suffered agonies of suspense—that the Pope was coming to Paris, that they would both be crowned, and that she had better set about her preparations immediately. The relief and joy of the Empress at this intimation was equalled only by the chagrin and dismay of the Bonaparte family. Having been successful thus far, Josephine ventured to try for another boon very near her heart. Her marriage with Napoleon had been, as nearly all marriages were at that time, a civil one; and she had often longed for the blessing of the Church. Napoleon, either from fearing this would complicate matters in case of a divorce, or from mere indifference, had never acceded to her request; but at last, in compliance with her earnest entreaties, he consented, and two days before the coronation they were secretly married -but in a manner which was subsequently shown to be informal on some intricate point of canon law—in the Emperor's cabinet, to Josephine's delight and thankfulness. Everything, for a short time, wore a halcyon aspect for her. She accompanied her husband to a grand distribution of crosses of the Legion of Honour, and was particularly noted as looking young and lovely, in a dress that a woman many years her junior might have found trying in daylight, as she wore it—a low gown of rose-coloured tulle, spangled with silver stars, with a head-dress of diamond wheat-ears. "This brilliant attire," says Madame de Rémusat, "the elegance of her bearing, the charm of her smile, the sweetness of her countenance, produced such an effect that I heard many persons who were present at the ceremony say that the Empress outshone all the ladies of her Court."

Of course her coronation robes occupied her closest attention, and, as usual, did credit to her taste. A magnificent diadem of diamonds was made for her, over which the Emperor was to place the small closed crown; and the ceremony was rehearsed several times under the auspices of David the painter. There was, however, very nearly a mutiny among the Emperor's sisters when he ordered them to carry the Empress's train; they only consented to do so with extreme reluctance on condition that they should have ladies to carry their trains, and after all did their office so inefficiently that when she rose to walk from the altar to the throne she could not advance a step, and Napoleon brought them to their senses with a sharp short reproof.

On the morning of the coronation day, just before starting for Notre Dame, the Emperor, arrayed in all the splendour of his Imperial robes, sent for M. Ragindeau. "Well, M. Ragindeau," said he, "have I only my cloak and my sword now?"

The Empress was not less splendid than her lord. wore a white satin gown, with a Court mantle of the same material, profusely embroidered in gold and silver, a girdle of immense diamonds, and diadem, necklace, and earrings of the same precious stones. The scene in the great cathedral was "Who that saw Notre Dame on magnificent in the extreme. that memorable day can ever forget it?" says Madame Junot. "I have witnessed in that venerable pile the celebration of sumptuous and solemn festivals; but never did I see anything at all approximating in splendour to the coup d'ail exhibited at The vaulted roof re-echoed the sacred Napoleon's coronation. chanting of the priests, who invoked the blessing of the Almighty on the ceremony about to be celebrated, while they awaited the arrival of the Vicar of Christ, whose throne was prepared near the altar. Along the ancient walls of tapestry were ranged, according to their ranks, the different bodies of

the State, the deputies from every city; in short, the representatives of all France assembled to implore the benediction of Heaven on the sovereign of the people's choice. The waving plumes which adorned the hats of the senators, councillors of State, and tribunes; the splendid uniforms of the military; the clergy in all their ecclesiastical pomp; and the multitude of young and beautiful women, glittering in jewels, and arrayed in that style of grace and elegance which is to be seen only in Paris—altogether presented a picture which has perhaps rarely been equalled, and certainly never excelled."

When Napoleon had placed the crown on his own head, and the time came for Josephine to play her part, "she descended," says the same enthusiastic chronicler, "from the throne and advanced towards the altar, where the Emperor awaited her, followed by her retinue of Court ladies, and having her train borne by the Princesses Caroline, Julie, Eliza, and One of the chief beauties of the Empress Josephine was not merely her fine figure, but the elegant turn of her neck and the way in which she carried her head. I have had the honour of being presented to many real princesses, to use the phrase of the Faubourg St. Germain; but I never saw one who to my eyes presented so perfect a personification of elegance and majesty. In Napoleon's countenance I could read the conviction of all I have just said. He looked with an air of complacency at the Empress as she advanced towards him, and when she knelt down—when the tears which she could not repress fell upon her clasped hands as they were raised to Heaven, or rather to Napoleon-both then appeared to enjoy one of those fleeting moments of true felicity which are unique in a lifetime, and serve to fill up a vacuum of The Emperor performed, with peculiar grace, every action required of him during the ceremony, but his manner of crowning Josephine was most remarkable. After receiving the small crown surmounted by the cross, he had first to place

it on his own head and then to transfer it to that of the Empress. When the moment arrived for placing the crown on the head of the woman whom popular superstition regarded as his good genius, his manner was almost playful. He took great pains to arrange this little crown, which was placed over Josephine's tiara of diamonds; he put it on, then took it off, and finally put it on again, as if to promise her she should wear it gracefully and lightly."

As Empress, Josephine filled her place with a dignity that the daughter of a hundred kings could not have surpassed; and she gained the hearts of the populace by her kindness, sweetness, and substantial charity. Her splendid life was not, however, entirely cloudless, and during the frequent absences of the Emperor she suffered cruelly from anxiety, which she sought to forget in interminable games of patience—a diversion that invariably drove all traces of that estimable quality from the minds of her wearied ladies. Napoleon sent her very pretty little notes when away from her. "I could not allow ladies," he writes from Warsaw, January 23, 1807, "to undertake such a journey as this; bad roads, unsafe, and dirty. Go back to Paris, be bright and gay; perhaps I shall be there soon. was amused at your saying you took a husband in order to have him with you. I fancied, in my ignorance, that the wife was made for the husband, and the husband for the country, the family, and glory. Forgive my ignorance; there is always something to be learned from beautiful women. Farewell, my dearest; believe me, it costs me something not to send for you. Say to yourself: it is a proof how precious I am to him."

The years 1807-8-9 were marked by special brilliancy in the Imperial Court; and Fontainebleau, a favourite residence of the Emperor and Empress, was the scene of unusual gaiety and splendour. Napoleon had a fancy for seeing all the great dames in a hunting uniform, each lady to choose her own colour, while the make was to be the same in all cases. As

may be imagined, Josephine took kindly to any plan involving a new dress; and her own costume was magnificent—a tunic of amaranth velvet over a short gown of white satin, both embroidered in gold; velvet boots to match the dress; a toque of the same colour, likewise embroidered in gold, and a plume The Prince of Mechlenberg-Schwerin, during of white feathers. a visit to Fontainebleau, fell a victim to the sweet face and unfailing kindness of the Imperial mistress. She was much amused at his infatuation; but the Emperor took the most extraordinary view of it, gravely recommending her at the time of the divorce, if she wished to marry again, to select her Teutonic admirer. Josephine's son, Eugène, had been made Viceroy of Italy, and had married a good and amiable wife, the Princess Augusta of Baden; and her daughter, Hortense, had been wedded to the Emperor's brother, Louis, King of Holland. It was a most unloving match on both sides; but there were the little sons, the eldest of whom was a special darling of Napoleon, who was believed to have every intention of making him his heir; and the Empress, relying on this, laid aside her dread of a divorce, and allowed herself to enjoy the luxury and magnificence so dear to her feminine soul. But, in 1807, the beautiful child sickened and died in the chill and damp of his father's Dutch capital; and the passionate grief of his mother was hardly deeper than the sorrow of the Empress Josephine. The prop on which she leaned was gone, and nothing now remained between her and that dark fortune she clearly pictured with a vividness born of her despair. Napoleon, with his customary cold selfishness, openly discussed the subject of a divorce with her. "If such a thing should happen, Josephine," he added, "it will be for you to help me to make the sacrifice. I shall count upon your love to save me from all the odium of a forced rupture. You would take the initiative, would you You would enter into my position, and you would have the courage to withdraw?" "Sir," she answered—since the

commencement of his reign she had always addressed him with profound respect-"you are the master, and you shall decide If you should order me to quit the Tuileries, I will obey on the instant, but the least you can do is to give me that order in more positive manner. I am your wife; I have been crowned by you in the presence of the Pope. Such honours at least demand that they should not be voluntarily renounced. If you divorce me, all France shall know that it is you who send me away, and shall be ignorant neither of my obedience nor of my profound grief." This calm and dignified tone she always retained in every discussion with him; but it is not surprising to learn that, when she was alone with her ladies, all her self-control fled, and she wept over his hardness in an agony of grief. The sight of little children seemed to intensify her anguish. One day Madame Junot visited her, and took with her her little girl, Josephine's god-daughter. The Empress lifted the child in her arms, and kissed her passionately; then, turning tearfully to the mother, said, "You can have little idea how much I have suffered when any one of you has brought a child to me! Heaven knows that I am not envious, but in this one case I have felt as if a deadly poison were creeping through my veins when I have looked upon the fresh and rosy cheeks of a beautiful child, the joy of its mother, but, above all, the hope of its father." "God is my witness," she continued, speaking of the Emperor, "that I love him more than my life, and much more than that throne, that crown which he has given me." "The Empress," says Madame Junot, "may have appeared more beautiful, but never more attractive than at that If Napoleon had seen her then, surely he could never have divorced her. Ah! in summing up the misfortunes of this fatal year [1809], that divorce must be added to render them complete."

The common people, who loved Josephine, murmured against the contemplated divorce, and the popular sympathy was strongly with her; but the fickle tide of Court adulation was already turning. At a ball given at the Hôtel de Ville to celebrate the anniversary of the coronation, Marshal Berthier caught his foot in the Empress's train, nearly falling himself, and causing her to stumble; but, without any word of apology, he hurried on to rejoin the Emperor. Josephine stood for a moment with remarkable dignity, smiling at his awkwardness, while her eyes filled with tears, and her lips quivered.

The decisive blow at length fell on the 30th of November. They were alone in the evening, after their guests had gone. She sat lonely and silent. "I knew," she said, "that the hour of my trial had arrived. I read in his countenance the struggle that was passing in his soul." Perhaps he did suffer at least one hopes so-but his overwhelming selfishness and his belief in the dynasty he was to found triumphed over such affection as he felt. "Josephine," he said, pressing her hand to his heart, "ma bonne Josephine, you know how I have loved you. My destiny is more powerful than my will. My dearest affections must be sacrificed to the interests of France." "Say no more," she cried, bursting into tears. "I understand, I expected it." "I suffer," he continued, "perhaps even more than you. But the wants, the interests, of my people have ever guided my actions. They ask of me a guarantee of the stability of that throne on which they and Providence have placed me. Josephine, we must separate." The poor Empress could bear no more, and was carried fainting to her room.

On the 15th of December the Imperial Council of State were for the first time informed of the forthcoming divorce, and the following day the whole Bonaparte family—including Caroline Murat, Queen of Naples, who was said to have come to France expressly to rejoice in the humiliation of her sister-in-law—were assembled in the grand saloon of the Tuileries, where, pale and calm, the fallen Empress, dressed in black satin, without a single ornament, accompanied by her

daughter Hortense, appeared, and began to read a statement drawn up for her, explaining that she was convinced the sacrifice she was about to make in separating herself from her dear husband was necessary for the welfare and happiness of France. At this point she faltered, and dropped the paper, which her son Eugène—whose position as Arch-Chancellor of State obliged him to be present—picked up, and read to the Court. She then listened to the reading of the Act of Separation, took the oath, and signed it. At night she bade farewell for ever to her husband; and the next morning, while all her household, grieving the loss of their gentle and kindly mistress, stood sadly watching her departure, she who had been Empress of France, veiled, and not daring to cast a backward glance, drove to Malmaison, which had formerly been the scene of her happy wifehood, and which was now to behold her sorrow and desolation.

The Emperor really did miss her very much; and as it relieved him to pour forth his complaints in writing to her, he did so, quite unheeding of the anguish he inflicted on her. "The Empress," writes Madame de Rémusat to her husband on December 19, "who has no more need of effort, is greatly cast down; she weeps incessantly, and it is really painful to see her. . . . . She has passed a deplorable day; she receives visitors, they renew her grief, and then every time anything reaches her from the Emperor she gets into a terrible state. We must find means, either through the Grand Marshal or the Prince de Neuchâtel to induce the Emperor to moderate the expression of his regret and affliction when he writes to her, because, when he dwells in this way upon his grief, she falls into real despair, and seems to lose her head completely. I do all in my power for her; it gives me terrible pain to see her. She is gentle, sad, and affectionate—in fact, heartrending. By affecting her so deeply, the Emperor increases her sufferings. In the midst of all this she never says a word too much, she

never utters a bitter complaint; she is really like an angel. I wished her to take a walk this morning; I wanted to try to fatigue her body in order to rest her mind. She complied mechanically. I talked to her, I questioned her, I did all I could; she seconded my efforts, understanding my intentions, and seemed grateful to me in the midst of her sorrows. the end of an hour I acknowledge that I was almost fainting with the effort that I had made, and for a few minutes was as weak as herself. 'It seems to me sometimes,' said she, 'that I am dead, and that there remains to me only a sort of vague faculty of feeling that I am dead.' Try, if you can, to make the Emperor understand that he ought to write to her encouragingly, and not in the evening, for that gives her terrible She does not know how to bear his regrets; no doubt nights. she could still less bear his coldness, but there is a medium. I saw her yesterday in such a state, after the Emperor's last letter, that I was on the point of writing myself to Trianon."

She continued to live in retirement at Malmaison, beloved by the people around, to whom she was a very genius of charity, and making occasional visits to Navarre. She was anxious to see her rival and successor, the long-armed, awkward, rosy Austrian Marie Louise; but perhaps the latter did not reciprocate the sentiment, for the meeting never came off. The ex-Empress did however behold, and have in her arms, the little King of Rome, the heir her husband had so passionately desired. Her great consolation was her love for and her interest in her grandchildren, Hortense's boys, whom she spoilt with true grandmotherly fondness. Her "little Oui-oui," as she called the future Napoleon III., was her special pet. "I can still see," he writes many years afterwards, "the Empress Josephine in her salon on the ground-floor, covering me with her caresses, and even then flattering my vanity by the care with which she retailed my bons-mots. . . . . I remember that, once arrived at Malmaison, my brother and I were

masters, to do as we pleased. The Empress, who loved flowers and conservatories passionately, allowed me to cut the sugar-canes to suck them, and she always told us to ask for everything we wanted. One day, on the eve of a fête, when she wanted to know as usual what we should like, my brother, three years older than I, and consequently more sentimental, asked for a watch with the portrait of our mother. But I—when the Empress said, 'Louis, ask for anything that will give you the greatest pleasure'—requested to be allowed to go and walk in the gutters with the little street-boys. Let not this request be deemed a ridiculous one, since all the time I was in France, where I lived till I was seven years old, my great grief was to be going to drive in a carriage with four or six horses."

When the tide began to turn, and the great Emperor's reverses followed one another with overwhelming rapidity, the loving heart, that no unkindness could turn from him, "Sorrow killed the Empress," declared one of nearly broke. her ladies. When tidings came of the Emperor's abdication and banishment to Elba, Josephine received the news at night, sitting on her daughter's bed, and sobbing. She longed to go to him there, and was with difficulty persuaded not to do so. Truly she was one who "loved much." She went to St. Sen, her daughter's place, and there met the Emperor Alexander. The whole party drove out in a char-à-banc, and she complained of being ill. She was taken back to Malmaison, where on the 20th of May the Emperor Alexander visited her, and found her too ill to receive him. The following morning while her son and daughter, who were both devoted to her, were praying in the chapel, she sank suddenly, murmuring faintly, "Bonaparte, Elba, Marie Louise." So, constant and clinging to the last to her one love, she closed her manycoloured life. For three days the remains lay in State; and though the excitement of the Bourbons' return and the Allies'

visit was at its height, no less than twenty thousand persons came to pay the last respect to one who had been deeply beloved by a nation. On the 3rd of June the funeral took place at Ruelle, her children, grandchildren, and thousands of friends, both rich and poor, following. An exquisite kneeling figure of her, in her coronation robes, was placed by her son and daughter over her grave; and there she rests in peace, having passed through as many changes as perhaps ever fell to the lot of woman, and having truly, as the dusky sibyl had foretold in the bygone days of her youth, "died unhappy."

BARBARA CLAY FINCH.

## The Story of a Ruin.

THIS is a story told in prose, for want of the skill to tell it in verse.

Behind the ruins a sheer cliff, crowned with a plume of pines; touching the feet of this cliff a broad dark lake with one dim islet resting on its waters; in front, and beyond the lake a shallow plain cut off by a chain of lofty peaks; to the left, low mountains; to the right, a comb of ragged hills; and over all the cool grey twilight of a summer night, spangled with the everlasting stars.

The lake of Inisard is a thousand feet above the level of the sea. It rests between the topmost spears of four converging systems of mountains. Its waters are always cold and still, and never vary an inch in height. No stream feeds it, yet from the western angle there is a continuous outflow, both winter and summer. The people who dwell near the lake regard this circumstance with superstitious awe, and those who would explain the phenomenon out of the handbooks of science are at a loss in assigning a situation to the reservoirs which feed it, for there are no higher mountains than those around it in a radius of twenty miles.

The only path leading from the valley to Inisard is by the stream which falls from the western lip of the lake. Upon gaining the level of the lake the path bends slightly to the right, gradually narrows until it is no broader than a man's back, and finally, after about a hundred yards, expands into an open piece of level ground. Along this path and backing the open ground to which it leads, is a perpendicular cliff, varying in height from fifty to eighty feet. Thus, there is no means of gaining this patch of level land save by the narrow causeway under the cliff.

Many centuries ago there stood upon this isolated patch a little cottage inhabited by Thomas Flynn. Thomas had a wife named Brigid, and a daughter Mary; and here the three dwelt happily and contentedly, holding slight intercourse with the world below. Thomas wove baskets from willows growing upon the opposite shore of the lake. Occasionally strangers came to Inisard to enjoy the clear air and solitude of the lake; Thomas had a boat, and rowed the visitors hither and thither, and so in summer considerably supplemented the profits of his basketmaking. His wife was well skilled in spinning and knitting, and when Tom went with his baskets down the hills he always had some serviceable stockings and hanks of stout yarn to sell too.

Now, it so happened that when strangers came down into the valley from Inisard, the most vivid memory they brought with them was that of Mary Flynn. They said she was no great beauty, but only the sweetest mountain-maid eye ever saw. Her voice and her eyes seemed to haunt them continually, and when they advised their friends to climb the hills, they always said, "You ought to go see Mary of Inisard," not Inisard itself. So, as time went on, her name crept gradually down the mountains until it spread over the valley, and reached the village of Kilfane.

From the village of Kilfane to the top of Inisard, and as far as the eye could see from the heights above the lake, lay the land of O'Neil. The district was always spoken of by those who lived in it as "O'Neil's country." At the time this story opens the lord of the vast tract was away in foreign lands, and he had left during his absence full power with Timothy Davin. O'Neil was no more than three-and-twenty. His father had died but a year before. Davin had acted under the former O'Neil. He was still short of thirty years old. Davin, in the absence of O'Neil, lived in Kilfane Castle, hard by the village of Kilfane.

The fame of Mary's loveliness in time came to the ears of

Davin. His curiosity was excited; and one bright, clear, hearty spring day he climbed the mountains, and called upon Tom.

The basket-maker showed all due hospitality and respect to the representative of the great O'Neil. He entertained him as best he could. He rowed him all over the lake in his boat, and set before him the best of the simple fare his cottage afforded. Tom's wife let no opportunity slip of trying to do honour to their guest, and Mary moved hither and thither, and waited upon them, to the music of her own laughter and the rhythm of her simple songs; for she, like the birds, sang sweetly; not with diffidence, not as an art, but as a natural expression of her varying moods.

The visitor was fascinated. He had never before seen anything like this simple maiden of the lake. Her pure, unconscious blue eyes, her clear, sympathetic voice, her simple grace, subdued and elevated him. He had been in the great city, fifty miles from Kilfane; he had travelled through the valley below, and never felt so touched before. He talked of getting Tom a better place; perhaps land down below. He asked her if she would not like to live in Kilfane. But she said, no. She loved to be near the blue sky, and the blue lake, and the purple heather.

The day wore into evening, and the evening into night. He could not leave the place. He told Tom he should stay till morning. Tom was overjoyed, for the friendly notice of the deputy meant good to him. The basket-weaver said that as the cottage was very small he should himself sleep in a shed without, and give up his little room to Davin. But the other would not hear of such a thing, and, when Tom pressed, declared that he would rather start for Kilfane, late as it was, than disturb a member of the family; so the visitor was accommodated in the shed, and had for a couch a bundle of dry aromatic rushes.

He was not a man accustomed to endure disappointment or delay. His temper was violent and his nature undisciplined. He was prosperous, and far above the poor basket-maker in social position. He could make or mar the fortunes of any one on O'Neil's land. Before he rose the next morning he had sworn to himself that he would make Mary his wife. His passions were headlong and tempestuous, and those who knew him well had often seen that once he set an object before his eyes he did not allow an ordinary obstacle to bar the way.

He slept badly, and day was just dawning when he rose. He went forth, and paced up and down the little patch of level land. As the day broadened in the East, the plover began to cry to one another, and the crows sailed over the pines above his head, cawing and wheeling before drifting down through the blue air to seek food in the valley.

They were early risers in the cottage, and before the sun had climbed above the rugged hills to the right he heard sounds indicating that the family of the basket-maker were astir. Presently he paused, threw up his head, and listened eagerly. Mary was humming some old tune. In a little while the humming ceased, and she sang, in a clear soft voice, which seemed like a hymn of early day, breathed by the morning wind to the purple heath:—

## SONG.

1.

There are flowers in the heather,

There are daisies in the shade,

Here's a swallow's glossy feather—

Pledge of coming summer weather,

When the winds are laid.

II.

When my father weaves the sallow,
And my mother with her card
Cards the wool, when blooms the mallow,
Who would change for wold or fallow
Thy shores, Inisard?

III.

Down the rocks the stream goes brawling
From the silent lake above,
In the night, it sounds in falling,
Like the voice of Angel calling—
"Mary, here is love."

IV.

I shan't love like valley maiden,
For the heather hills are high;
When with love my soul's o'erladen,
I shall sing, and float to Aiden
Far within the sky.

When the song was finished, Davin stood a while pondering. Then he muttered in a tone of dissatisfaction, "Only a song she picked up somewhere. Yet," he added, after another little while, "it is wonderfully true to her position."

That day wore away into evening, and Davin signified his intention of using the bed of rushes in the shed a second time. Upon the third day he called the old man aside and spoke to him. He told him that he was rich. He had a house upon O'Neil's demesne—there was no farmer on the whole lands of Kilfane as well-off as he. Mary was a poor, portionless girl. He could have the daughter of any man on the lands with a dowry of cattle and sheep, and money, too; but he could afford to choose, and his choice was Mary.

Flynn was overwhelmed with astonishment. If the O'Neil himself had come and asked for the girl, he could scarcely have been more amazed. After some talk, Flynn said he would consult with his wife and speak to his daughter.

The basket-maker moved away, leaving Davin wondering what need there could be for consultation or reflection, when he had made such an offer. There was not a father in all the valley would not eagerly embrace his proposal. Davin never thought at all of Mary herself in the matter. Her compliance was a matter of course. What girl could resist the fascinations of his

figure, the allurements of his position. He walked up and down for some minutes nursing the ill-humour born of Flynn's deliberate manner of treating his contemplated sacrifice. As time went on, his ill-humour changed to anger, and when, at the end of half an hour, the basket-maker did not appear, his anger rose to rage. He was not accustomed to delay or denial; how dare this low pauper hesitate? How dare he keep him waiting? His steps grew hasty; his eyes flashed; he was already half regretting the act which had subjected him to the indignity of allowing consideration for any one or anything to come between him and his object. "Why did I speak to that old fool at all?" he exclaimed, angrily stamping the grass. "Why did I not speak to the girl herself? She would have taken no time for consideration?" He surveyed the reflection of himself in the placid lake.

As he stood there, the door of the cottage opened, and the father came forth, and approached the deputy with bent head, apprehensive glance, and uncertain steps.

Davin turned sharply as Flynn drew near. "Well!" he demanded savagely.

Flynn started, as he began: "I have spoken to my wife."

"Well?" reiterated the other, harshly.

"And, Mr. Davin, she said what I say, that your offer is an honour—an honour which we could neither deserve nor look for."

"Well?" The tone was as brutal as ever.

"But—" He paused, horrified by the expression which passed across the man's face. "But, Mary--Mr. Davin—you mustn't mind."

"Go on, you idiot! What did she say?"

"You mustn't mind her, sir; she's very young, and young girls—"

"Are you going to stand preaching there all day? Do you think I'm here to listen to you until sun-down? Out with it, I say, or I won't answer for keeping my hands off you!" He turned white, and shook his fist in the old man's face.

- "She says she'll never marry, Mr. Davin."
- "Did you tell her it was I—I, Timothy Davin, asked her?" He was livid now.
  - "Yes." The old man trembled with fear.
- "Then, as sure as that sun is shining on your cottage, it will shine through the roof before the year is out."

Davin had the power to make his threat good—and he used it. During the absence of O'Neil, there was no one to dispute his will or question his acts. He ruled absolutely over the land The lord of the soil was not expected back for months, so there was plenty of time to look for a pretext. Although Davin exercised full control, he did not like to do any act which might possibly give rise to an unpleasant inquiry hereafter; consequently, he sought for an excuse, good or bad. Failing, after every search, to discover anything, he became solicitous about the game upon the hills. It was badly pre-Birds and hares, ay, and deer, were continually destroyed by idle vagabonds and professional poachers. absolutely necessary, in the interest of his master, that this state of things should be remedied. Some one should be appointed to preserve the game. The keeper's house ought to be in a good central position. What better situation could be selected than Inisard? Of course there was only one house in the district, but, much as it went against his feelings, he found it incumbent upon him to give Flynn warning, in order that he might instal the gamekeeper in the cottage.

Such was the explanation given by him to the people with whom he spoke. At that time game was taken small heed of, and upland game was comparatively disregarded. The people heard him in silence. He was too powerful and arbitrary to permit expostulation or suggestion. In time, when the story of his proposal got abroad, the people saw through the whole scheme, but held their peace. The act only went to show how dangerous it would be to cross such a man as Timothy Davin.

Two months after Davin's visit to the cottage, word came to Flynn that he should be out of the place by the 15th of December.

The deputy was too cunning to display vindictive haste. He wanted to accomplish his object without needless risk. He wanted to ruin the basket-maker without injuring himself. Like most bullies, he was a coward; like most tyrants, he strove to avoid acquiring the name of one. He gave a long day, but he selected a season when the family of the unhappy Flynn would feel his cruelty the most keenly. "They will take the last day," he calculated. "They will not stir from the old hearth until they are forced, and when at length they have no choice but to go, they will find snow upon the mountains, and maybe a grave, before they reach the valley."

In the meantime, he let fall certain apparently careless words which had the force of law in Kilfane. "I hope," he said to Hugh Garrett, "that Flynn won't try to settle on any other part of O'Neil's land, for he's an idle, good-for-nothing fellow, and any one that would be such a fool as to give him or his family a night's lodging would be only keeping a pest on the land."

The people grew afraid even to mention Flynn's name; for it never was spoken in his presence that the swarthy face of the deputy did not flush, and a certain angry flash dart from his eyes.

As the winter drew nigh, the heart of the basket-maker sank within him. He had tried, over and over again, to find some little cottage or cabin into which he might creep when the day of departure arrived. He was in despair as the winter approached. He felt too old and too heartbroken to think of adventuring into the distant city, and every door in Kilfane seemed shut against him. One hope buoyed him up. Perhaps, after all, Davin would not persist. He might be moved by entreaties. He might, at the last moment, relent. Surely, when he heard that no cottage, no roof, no shelter, could be found in Kilfane, he would not carry out his cruel threat.

Towards the end of November another sorrow was added to his burden. His wife fell ill. Day after day she sank under the malign influence of a wasting disease. At first she had only to give up going to Kilfane for the few necessities required by the cottage—now she was barely able to cross from one side of the room to the other. When December came, she could no longer rise; and all through the long bleak days, and the cold dreary nights, Mary sat by her ministering to her—now singing softly some soothing simple song, now bathing the aching head, now moistening the feeble, bloodless lips.

As the dreaded 15th approached, the basket-maker felt his hope revive. Nothing direct, or indirect, had come from Davin to show that he intended carrying out his threat. Mrs. Flynn was slowly sinking. Upon the morning of the 15th, she could not raise her hand to her head. It was bitterly cold. Overhead, black snow clouds hung in sullen ominous masses. Below, a faint, bitter north wind rustled in the frozen heath. There was a thin skin of ice upon the lake. Towards noon, gentle, feathery flakes of snow began to fall silently and softly. All within the cottage was silent. The old man sat opposite the bed upon which his dying wife lay. Mary had fallen asleep on the stool by the turf fire. There was no sound abroad, save the low bitter whisper of the wind in the brittle heather.

"They will not come to-day," said the old man to himself, "for the snow, the first snow of the year, is falling, and no one would face these hills in a snowfall."

Mrs. Flynn seemed easier. She closed her eyes in sleep. Her husband rose, and going to the fire, brushed away the ashes, and drew the turf together. "They won't come to-day," he repeated, taking comfort of the thought, and sitting opposite his sleeping daughter. They had been awake all the night with the suffering woman.

In an hour the wind had fallen, and no sound broke the solitude of the mountain heights. The snow had ceased, but still overhead hung the dark clouds. The blue sky was nowhere visible, and the whole scene had that hideous, unnatural appearance, observed when the light appears to come from the earth and not the sky.

Almost another hour passed before the stillness was broken; then voices could have been heard from the cottage; and, presently, the figures of three men emerged from the dip in the glen, and took the narrow pathway to the house. They knocked and entered without speaking.

Davin had kept his word.

Let us from the outside see what followed the entrance of the three men.

After the lapse of half an hour, old Flynn, assisted by the three men, appeared, carrying a low bedstead, upon which lay a figure, concealed under covering. They bore their burden into the shed at the side of the house. Then the four, assisted by Mary, proceeded to remove all the furniture of the cottage into the shed. When this was done, one of the men climbed to the roof of the cottage, tied a rope to a rafter, and descended. The three men then pulled with all their might at the rope, until the roof shook, tottered, and finally collapsed within the four bare walls.

As the roof fell, old Flynn appeared from the shed, and threw up his hands towards Heaven with a gesture of despair. The three men turned, and moved away along the narrow causeway by the lake's side. The basket-maker sat down on a low wall, and buried his face in his hands. The men had not walked more than half the length of the causeway when one of them stopped and beckoned the other two to halt. They stood a moment speaking together; then each man put his hand into his pocket, and drew forth something. The man who had beckoned them to stop opened his hand, and the others each placed something in it. Then he went back to where old Flynn sat, bent over him, and slipped what he held in his hand into the hand of the basket-maker. The latter rose to his feet; but the man pushed him into a sitting posture again, patted him on the

back, and ran back to his companions. In a moment the three strangers disappeared.

The old man sat in the gathering twilight, with his face turned towards the ruins of his old home. Half an hour more passed. Now Mary came out of the shed, and going to her father sat down beside him, and drew his head to her and rested it upon her shoulder, and smoothed his grey hairs, and kissed his wrinkled forehead, and soothed his cold hard hands with her own. After a while the two rose and re-entered the shed, she still clinging to him, and supporting him, and caressing his cold worn hands.

Then in a little while it was night. Abroad lay the thin sheet of snow, ragged and torn here and there, where large masses touched the wind; above, upon the dark, rode the portentous clouds at anchor, like huge ships of battle awaiting the signal to destroy. The giant hills, conscious of their strength, slept and took no care. As the night deepened the little stream at the western end of the lake took courage, and began whispering timidly in the sulky shadows of the overhanging rocks and stones. No light, save the hateful low ground-light of the snow; no sound but the murmur of the little fearful stream; no hope on earth. But, beyond the embattled clouds, beyond the glittering concave of the stars, beyond the realms of the remotest sun, Hope—the hope of simple faith.

It was Christmas-eve in Kilfane. Over all the landscape spread a thick sheet of snow. In the lowlands it was three feet thick; on the windward side of the hills it was thin and frozen; but to leeward, and in the glens and gorges, it lay in vast billows, reaching half-way up to the feathery plumes of the pines.

But the court-yard of Kilfane Castle was clear of snow, and full of men. Huge fires were kindled here and there, and the followers of O'Neil wandered hither and thither. Lights flamed in the halls, and flickered through corridors, for the young lord of Kilfane had come back to his own from foreign lands; and those who loved him had gathered to give him welcome, and wish him a happy Christmas under his own roof.

The O'Neil sat in the great hall. At his feet slept three huge hounds. Around him thronged the chief men of Kilfane. Behind him the florid face of Davin, the deputy, shone against the dark. Upon the right of O'Neil sat a bent, venerable-looking man, the priest of Kilfane; his hand shook with the palsy, and his grey hair trembled when it moved.

As the night wore on, and the festivity deepened, O'Neil came down from the dais and mingled freely with those in the hall. As soon as the singing and dancing commenced the Lord of Kilfane moved to where the priest was placed, and, sitting down beside the old man, entered into conversation with him. They had not been long talking when a marked change came over the face of O'Neil. Suddenly the smile left his face, and was succeeded by a flush. Then his brow contracted, and he darted an angry glance at Davin. In a few moments he sprang hastily to his feet, and making a gesture to the harper to stop, motioned all the men in the hall around to approach. He spoke to the men for a few minutes. At first they smiled and waved their hands; but as he went on cheer rose upon cheer, until the lights of the torches flickered, and great clanging echoes gathered behind the brazen shields which hung upon the walls. Upon the first shout of joy and approval Davin shrank away from the place like an evil spirit that hears the cock crow before it is light.

O'Neil had no sooner finished speaking than the castle hall became a scene of the most tumultuous confusion of preparation. Litters, and torches, and ropes were brought and piled up in the court-yard. Men shouldered shovels and long poles, and slung sheaves of torches over their shoulders. Bottles of wine and usquebaugh were wound into a thick bundle of warm woollen wrappers. It was close upon nine o'clock when the men thrust their torches into the wood fires in the court-yard, and, headed

by the O'Neil, carrying a coil of rope and long pole, marched quickly, in a long line, towards the snow-clad hills of Inisard.

The chill dawn of Christmas-day had come into the east before O'Neil and his followers returned from the hills. Two litters were borne on the shoulders of some of the men, and the faces of all were sad. The Lord of Kilfane walked beside one of the litters, and now and then it was lowered for a moment. All anxiety was evidently over respecting the burden of the second, for the men only altered their position when it changed bearers. Full daylight filled the great hall of Kilfane Castle as the bearers laid down the litters and turned to leave.

The covering was removed from the one by which O'Neil had walked, and there, emaciated and pale, seeming almost dead, lay the young girl. She was only half conscious, her eyes were wide open, her hands clasped.

They had found the daughter and the body of the mother in the shed. It was afterwards learned, when Mary recovered, that the basket-maker had attempted to cross the ice of the lake through the snow, and, as his body was never found, the supposition prevailed that he had perished in the attempt, and that upon the breaking up of the frost his body sank into the mysterious depths of the lake.

It was May before Mary had fully recovered from the effects of that dreadful December time. She had from the night of her rescue remained at the castle. O'Neil said that all he could do should be done to wipe out the crime his deputy had done in his name. He had placed her under the charge of the aged priest who had first told him of her peril. He had given orders that she should be treated with the utmost consideration. He had considered it first a duty, then a privilege, and finally a delight to visit her daily; and before the cowslips were yellow in the meadows, the sweet pale face, and the large gentle eyes, and the tender clinging voice, haunted him day and night, and the Lord of Kilfane proved no stronger than his deputy, though he possessed the wider experience.

One evening in June, as O'Neil was walking in the fields around the castle he came upon Mary. Her back was turned towards him as he approached. Her old habit of singing to herself had returned with health, and she was humming in a low voice.

He called her name softly, and went to her and took her hand. All through the changing twilight till the dusk they wandered in the fields. As he told her his story her face grew sad, and the words she spoke were tender and soothing. He showed her the lands of Kilfane; he pointed out the castle; he told her of his love. All, all were hers. Would she not, could she not say that perhaps in a month, a year, her mind might change? Why had she, so young, so lovely, resolved never to marry?

It was dark when they returned. That very night the Lord of Kilfane left his own home for foreign lands once more, and never returned again. She kept the vow she had made by the shores of Inisard, and before the winter came entered the convent in the city, fifty miles away from Kilfane.

In time word came from O'Neil, and builders were set to work upon the narrow strip of flat ground by the lake, and by-and-by a stately pile rose in the shadow of the cliff. When it was finished a letter came all the way from Rome for one of the good nuns in the city. He did not know what name she had taken; but this house and the townland of Gaulteer were a Christmas gift from the Lord of Kilfane to her who had been known as Mary of Inisard.

When fifty summers more had burned, and fifty winters bleached the heather heights, the first lady superior of the convent of Inisard was laid to rest by the shore of the quiet lake where she had first opened her eyes, where she had learned to look up towards the blue skies and the stars for comfort and peace, rather than down into the fretful valley beneath.

The ruins of the convent still remain, but there is no means of determining where she lies buried. The people say it is in VOL. III.

the little angle by the rock, the only place where the violets blow, the last spot upon which the sunset lingers.

An artist friend of mine had come to paint the place, and I had gone with him for change and love of his society. That summer night, as we sat looking at the scene, this story was told to us in homely phrases by a man who had come to us from the village of Kilfane. When our fortnight was spent we came down to the lower lands, he with his picture and I with this. No reader can feel it as I felt it, for I heard it in simple words spoken in a tone of reverent pathos. I heard it in the pure air, in the sacred stillness, beneath the tender sympathetic stars. So close did we seem to the vault of heaven that night, when the speaker had done, I paused a while, half expecting to hear a strain coming from beyond the veil that hung between us and the realms of eternal light.

RICHARD DOWLING.

## A Little Learning hath made thee Mad.

In times very remote the crime by which men consciously, or the madness by which they unconsciously, pretended to be the Christ, was of not infrequent occurrence. Lanquette, the chronicler, writing of the year 1222, mentions "a counsaill holden at Brentford of the Bishops of England: where a certayne man was condemned whiche taught that he was Jesus Christe: and to confyrme the same he showed thee tokens of woundes in his handes, bodie and feete." But with that singular incompleteness which marks the whole of his "epitome" the chronicler fails to tell what became of the impostor or madman, and we cannot therefore compare his punishment, if any, with that meted out to a later claimant of divine honour, the history of whose delinquency was considered interesting enough to be assigned a place in Mr. Salmon's curious collection of State Trials, issued in Dublin more than a century ago.

James Naylor, a native of Ardisloe, in Yorkshire, entered himself in the rebel army at the beginning of the civil wars, and rose to the rank of quartermaster in Lieut. Lambert's troop; but, falling sick in Scotland, he returned home, and became a member of an Independent congregation, from which he was afterwards excluded for blasphemy, and for promulgating principles analogous to those of Mormonism. From Yorkshire he went to Cornwall to visit the Quakers there, and was committed to Exeter Gaol as a vagrant, with several Quakers who attended him; but, being soon set at liberty, he and his newlyfound friends began a kind of solemn procession, from Exeter to Bristol, in imitation of Our Saviour's riding into Jerusalem. Thereupon he was arrested and charged before a Committee of the House of Commons (December, 1656), "First, with assuming the gesture, words, honour, worship, and miracles of Christ;

secondly, with assuming the names and incommunicable attributes of our Blessed Saviour."

The prisoner was found to have a written description of Our Saviour's Person about him; and it was observed by the Committee that his appearance tallied with the description. He affected, too, to give answers such as those which Christ gave before His persecutors. When asked how he could live without food for sixteen days, as he stated he had, he answered, "Man liveth not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." And in another answer, he said, "If they had known the Father, they would have known him also." Several witnesses were examined, who deposed that James Naylor was set upon an ass, which was led by a woman, and in all the towns they passed through on their way to Bristol his disciples spread their garments and sang, "Holy, Holy, Holy!" before him. They said they were moved by the spirit so to do, and Naylor himself said that garments were spread and praises sung to the Lord before him. He also said it was as the Lord put it into their hearts; it was done to the praise of his Father, and he might not refuse anything that was moved of the Lord; he thought the Father commanded them to do it. When asked who it was they addressed as "Holy, Holy, Holy!" he answered, "They are of age, let them answer for themselves." The witnesses testified also that several women knelt before him and kissed his feet.

With regard to the alleged miracles of Naylor, a woman named Dorcas Erbery deposed for the defence that she had been dead for two days in Exeter Gaol, and that Naylor laid his hands upon her and raised her to life. The prisoner being asked if he had raised the woman from the dead, answered, "I can do nothing of myself, but there is a power in me from above." Being further asked who bore witness of him, he answered, "The Scriptures do bear witness of the power which is in me, which is everlasting;" and further, he said that it was the same power whereof they read in Scripture; that as to what Dorcas

Erbery or any other attributed to him as a creature that had a beginning and ending, he utterly denied, but what any person saw of God in him that he did not deny. That the same power which did raise the dead, which they read of in Scripture, the same Christ, the same anointing according to the measure of him, was manifest in him (the prisoner) and no other. In answer to the question, "if any one prayed to him," he answered that as "a creature" he did disown it.

The question of the numerous titles given to Naylor by his followers was then gone into by the Committee. The letters found in his possession at the time of his arrest were here produced in evidence. In one of them, from a certain Hannah Stranger, he is styled "The fairest of ten thousand." In answer to questions from the Committee, Naylor said that if the woman meant it of what was visible, he denied the title, but if spoken of that which the Father had begotten in him he dared not disown it; for that was beautiful wherever it was begotten. In the same letter he is also styled "the only-begotten Son of God," and being ironically questioned, he said that he was the Son of God, and that the Son of God was but one. In another letter Stranger gives him the title of "the Everlasting Son of Righteousness," and touching this Naylor vaguely said, "God manifest in the flesh he did witness and might not deny, and that where God was manifested in the flesh, there was the everlasting Son of Righteousness." In a postscript to Hannah Stranger's letter, her husband wrote, "Thy name shall no more be called James, but Jesus;" and Naylor said, "If they gave it to any other but the Son of God that was in him, he denied the name, but he understood they gave the name to the Christ that was in him; that he did not call himself by that name, but what his Father had published was another thing."

In a letter from a woman named Jane Woodcock, Naylor is called "The Prophet of the Most High," and at the first examination being asked a question regarding the title, he said he was the Prophet of the Most High, but this he afterwards

modified, saying he was "a prophet of the Most High God." In a letter from one Thomas Simmons he is styled "The King of Israel;" and being asked if he assumed that title, he answered he had no kingdom in this world, yet a kingdom he had, and He that had redeemed him had redeemed him to be a king for ever, but he denied any such thing as a creature further than as God manifested in the flesh; and if they gave that title to Christ in him, then he owned it. In a letter from Martha Simmons she styles him "Thou well-beloved Lamb of God, in whom the Hope of Israel stands;" and concerning Naylor said that if he were not His lamb he should not be sought to be devoured. Further and general questions being put regarding the titles given him by his followers, Naylor said he did not design that they (the Committee) should have seen the letters, because he knew there were things in them they could not bear, but now he saw his Father purposed they should not be hid. The question was then put whether he owned or disclaimed the sacred attributes. this he said that if his followers had it from the Lord, what was he that he should judge it? But if they were ascribed to the creature, then it was reprovable. If they did it to the Lord, he durst not reprove it. Finally, he stated that he looked upon the honour and worship given him to be the true honour of Christ, or else he would utterly have denied it.

John Baynham, Deputy-Serjeant to the Commons, deposed that while Naylor was in his custody he usually sat in a chair, and his disciples, men and women, kneeled about him, or sat on the ground when they were weary of kneeling, singing "Holy, holy to the Almighty, to the true God and great God!" All day long this was continued; but Naylor never sang himself. Though a great number of people came and knelt before him, he never showed any dislike to it, nor reproved those who did it.

Being now called upon for his defence, Naylor said that he abhorred that any honour which was due to God should be given to him, as he was a creature; but it pleased the Lord to

set him up as a sign of the coming of the Righteous One; and as to what had been done in passing through towns, he was commanded by the power of the Lord to suffer such things to be done to the outward man as a sign; but he abhorred any honour as a creature.

Upon the whole the Committee resolved that the charge was fully proved against the prisoner, who, being sent for to the House, on the 6th of December, and commanded to kneel, refused, and, standing at the bar, he kept his hat on, until the Serjeant, by the Speaker's order, took it off. Asked if his name was James Naylor, he answered he was so called ever since he could remember, and acknowledged he had given the answers abovementioned to the Committee. After which he was commanded to withdraw; and it was resolved to agree with the Committee, first, that Naylor was guilty of horrid blasphemy; secondly, that he was a grand impostor, and seducer of the people. On the 17th of December the following sentence was agreed upon:—

"That James Naylor be set in the Pillory in the Palace-yard on Thursday next, and be whipped from thence to the Old Exchange, by the Hangman; where, on the Saturday following, he shall likewise be set in the Pillory, and in each Place wear a Paper, signifying his Crimes: That at the Old Exchange, his Tongue shall be bored through with a hot Iron; and he shall be there also stigmatized in the Forehead with the Letter B, and afterwards conveyed to Bristol, and ride into and through the said City, on a bare Horse's Back, with his Face to the Tail, and be publickly whipped the next Market-Day after he comes thither; and afterwards be committed to Bridewell in London; and restrained from the Society of all People; and have neither Pen, Ink, or Paper, or any Relief, but what he gains by his Labour."

While the prisoner was undergoing punishment in the pillory his followers adored him, and afterwards kissed his feet and licked his wounds. After his committal to Bridewell Naylor fasted three days, but was then very glad to eat and work to keep himself alive. Another man, a Quaker, in Bridewell at the same time, attempted to fast forty days, in imitation of Our Saviour, but his attempt cost him his life.

Reading now the history of James Naylor, "grand impostor

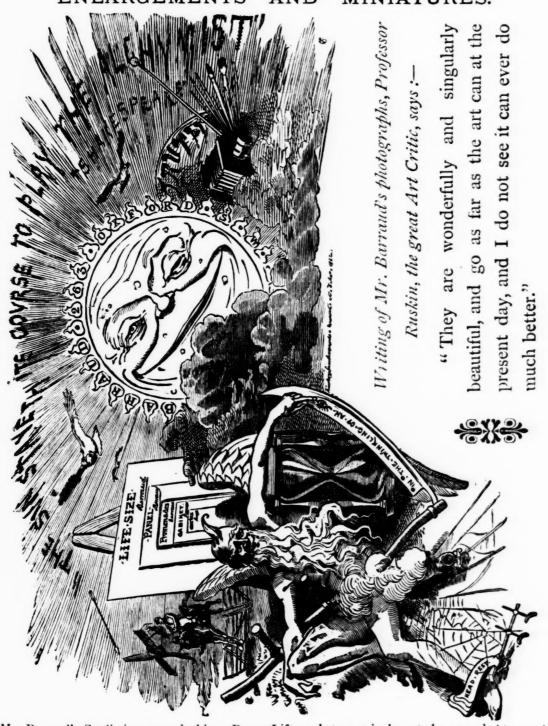
and seducer of the people," we are led to think him very little of the knave, and very much of the fool. The sentence passed upon him compels pity for the demented man, who was, after all, only a paradoxical creature of his age. The coldness and barrenness of the religious life of England during that century may well have produced a reaction in minds of a certain mould -minds for whom there was no longer any centre of balance, any rule of faith, any seal of discipline. Wesley has been called the shadow of a great saint; and there is a charity which would see in poor Naylor the travesty of one. That his pretensions were as mythical and subtle as his judges thought them to be material and real, is apparent enough; and his fate was sealed, less, perhaps, by their hardness of heart than by his own perversity of mind. And side by side with this organic defect of intellect was that dangerous "little learning" which in the world of religion has made a million madmen for every unit who has suffered from that contrary complaint ascribed by Festus to the great Apostle.

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